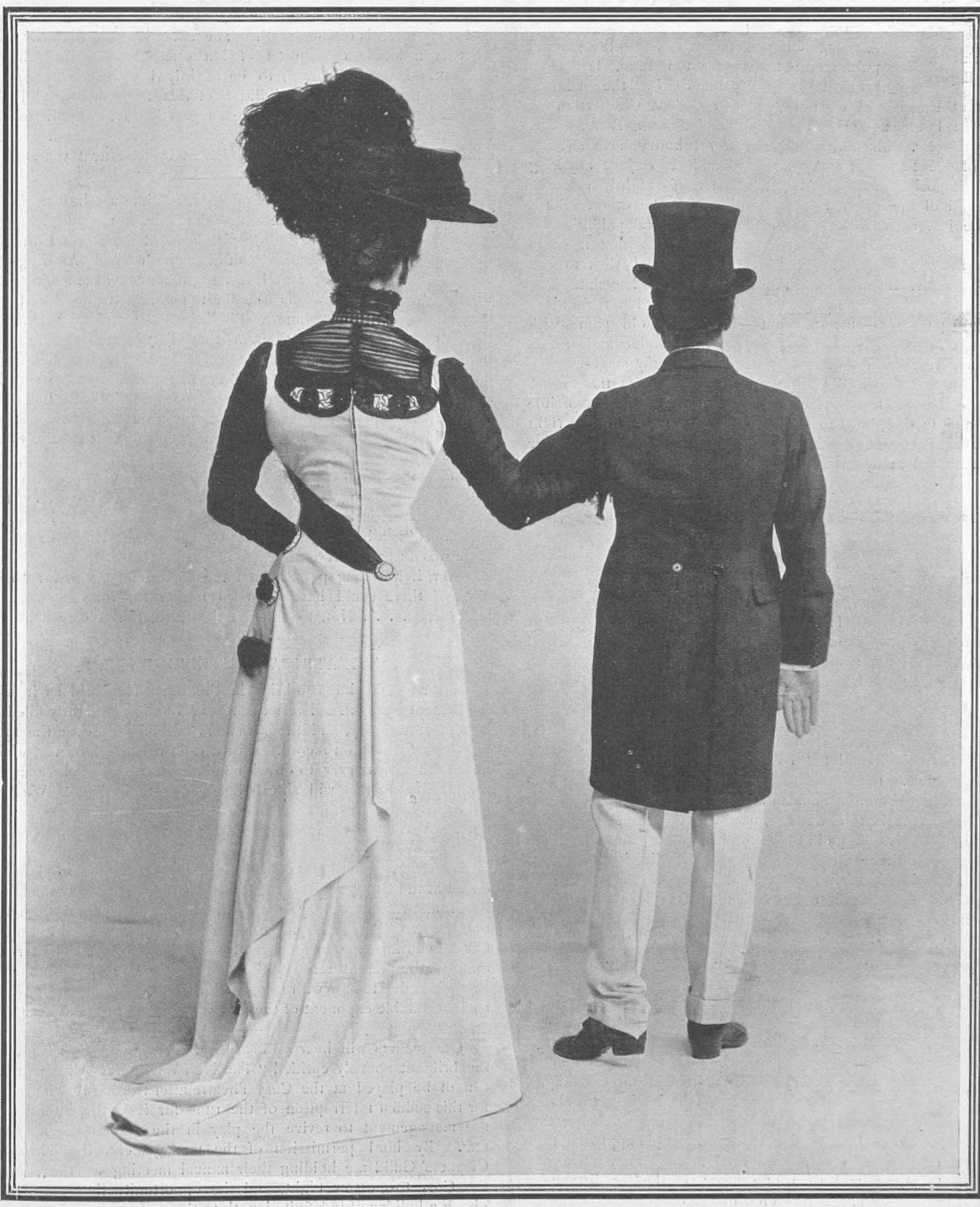


The Sketch

No. 856.—Vol. LXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



OUR BACK-FRONT-PAGE: MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS "HAMILTON PREEDY AND MISS COMPTON AS JOANNA COUNTESS OF RUSHMORE IN "MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS," AT THE CRITERION.

"*Mr. Preedy and the Countess*" has met with so much favour that Mr. Grossmith has arranged to continue the run of the piece at the Criterion through the summer months. After that, it will be taken on tour, although America may see it before it goes to the provinces.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



The Triumph of
the Expert.

A remarkable personality, of which the general public still knows far too little, has been brought into prominence by the Church Pageant at Fulham. I do not mean Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, my distinguished colleague of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Chesterton's Dr. Johnson, as all the world knows, is a striking feature of the Pageant; indeed, there could scarcely be anything quite so imposing anywhere as Mr. Chesterton's nightly entrance at one end of the Pageant-ground and exit at the other. But it would be just as ridiculous to say that the general public knows far too little of Mr. Chesterton as to suggest that it could possibly know too much. The man to whom I wish to call attention is Mr. Hugh Moss, the Master of the Pageant. The open-air pageant is a new game to most of us, but the organisation of pageants—stage-pageants—is a very old game with Mr. Hugh Moss. He has been playing it, I understand, for at least thirty years, and that is why he can not only stage-manage a crowd of five thousand people, mostly amateurs at that, so as to obtain the fullest possible effect with the least possible fussing and fussing, but can also put most of the historians right on details of costume and incident without laborious reference to the standard authorities. It is safe to say that no other man could have gone down to Fulham at the eleventh hour and turned out a more strikingly beautiful Pageant.

In the Pageant-
Master's Box.

One evening of last week I had the privilege of witnessing the Pageant from the Master's Box. You are probably picturing to yourself a comfortable, cushioned lounge somewhere about the centre of the first tier. If so, you are very far from the mark. The Master's Box at Fulham is a tiny little room at the very top and right at the back of the Grand Stand. To reach it, you have to climb a steep, narrow ladder. I do not advise a nervous man to attempt the feat, especially as the little room is so full of people—telephoning, waving flags, taking notes of instructions, complaining, questioning, pleading, exhorting—that you are quite likely to be squeezed through the window and fall I-don't-know-how-many feet to the hard earth below. In the midst of this babel is a gentleman with flowing silvery locks and a Panama hat. Through the open window at the front of the box he watches, narrowly, every one of the five thousand performers, keeps in touch by means of a dozen telephones with his musical director, his stage-managers, his limelight-men, his gallopers, his stage-hands. If a banner is raised too high, if a torch shows signs of wobbling, if a light flickers, if a piece of carpet is askew—if, in short, there is the slightest possible hitch in any part of the performance, this silvery-haired gentleman in the Panama is on to it like lightning. That is Mr. Hugh Moss at work.

The Closing
Episode.

One can imagine no finer setting for a Pageant than the grounds of Fulham Palace. The great sweep of smooth turf forms a perfect stage, and the background of trees entirely shuts out any glimpse of villadom. The scene that you will remember most vividly, I expect, is the torchlight procession with which the Pageant closes. The temporary backing is removed, the whole ground being thus thrown open. Some four or five thousand people approach from either side, each figure carrying a lighted torch. They retire "up stage," so to speak, and then one hears, in the far distance, a fanfare of trumpets. This is answered by the brass in the orchestra. Three times the effect is repeated. At last, the great line advances slowly upon you, all the other lights being down, the flame of the thousands of torches showing up in lurid richness against the black

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
(“Chicot”)



“INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!”

night sky. Suddenly, at a given signal, the crashing music ceases and every torch is extinguished. The effect is extraordinarily fine. That is a feeble description of but one scene in the Church Pageant. I went, I admit, to be slightly bored; I came away realising the immense possibilities of this form of art, and the immediate achievements that are so greatly to the credit of the Pageant-Master. I am not surprised to hear that a second edition of the Pageant is to be given at Fulham next year.

Nomenclature as
an Art.

The World of Sport has its own drama. What could be more dramatic, for example, than Gilbert Jessop's brilliant batting at Bristol, following hard after the omission of his name from the All England team? Talking of that, may I, as an ignoramus on the subject, ask whether “Test Match” is the best possible name for these struggles? It seems to me a silly little name, and misleading at that. For many years I thought that Test Matches were preliminary affairs—heats, so to speak. Shakespeare made fewer mistakes than most people, but he was quite wrong when he showed contempt for the art of nomenclature. I call it an art because I am speaking of it as an art and not as a science. There is considerable art in the selection of a name that precisely fits a person, or a play, or a book, or an institution. Compare, for example, the impressiveness of the word “London” with the fatuity of knowing our greatest national horse-race as “the Derby.” “House of Lords” is a good name; “House of Commons” is a better one; but why “Scotland Yard”? I suppose there was an excellent reason for it at one time; whatever it was, however, it has long passed from the public mind. As for ‘Test Match,’ there could have been no reason for that but lack of intelligence. . . . Not, to tell you the truth, that I care a rap.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Never was business so brisk in the theatrical world as it is at the present moment. Every theatre in London is nightly filled to its utmost capacity, and the managers are jubilant over the most prosperous season on record. For certain reasons, however, which have nothing whatever to do with failure—hateful word!—many of the leading theatres will shortly be closing their doors. We give below a list of such theatres, together with the urgent private reasons that have rendered so drastic a step inevitable.

We are informed that “The Boys of London,” the fine play produced at the Crossing Theatre so far back as last Monday week, will be withdrawn on Saturday next. It is not to be inferred from this that the piece has, to employ a favourite expression, failed to attract. On the contrary, money has been turned away nightly. The termination of the present run is solely due to the fact that Miss Alice Benbolt is due to stay with her aunt for a fortnight in North Wales, and no suitable exponent of the part can be found to take her place.

Our readers will hear with surprise, not unmixed with pain, that the brilliant comedy entitled “The Man Who Knew All About It” cannot be played at the Cosy Theatre after to-night. The reason for this sudden interruption of the run—for it is the intention of the management to revive the play in the autumn—is a simple one. By kind permission of the management, the Theatrical Cleaners’ Guild are holding their annual meeting on the stage of the Cosy to-morrow night, and the opportunity thus afforded of giving a holiday of indefinite length to the company will be taken to its fullest extent.

For other howling successes coming off at once see advert. cols.

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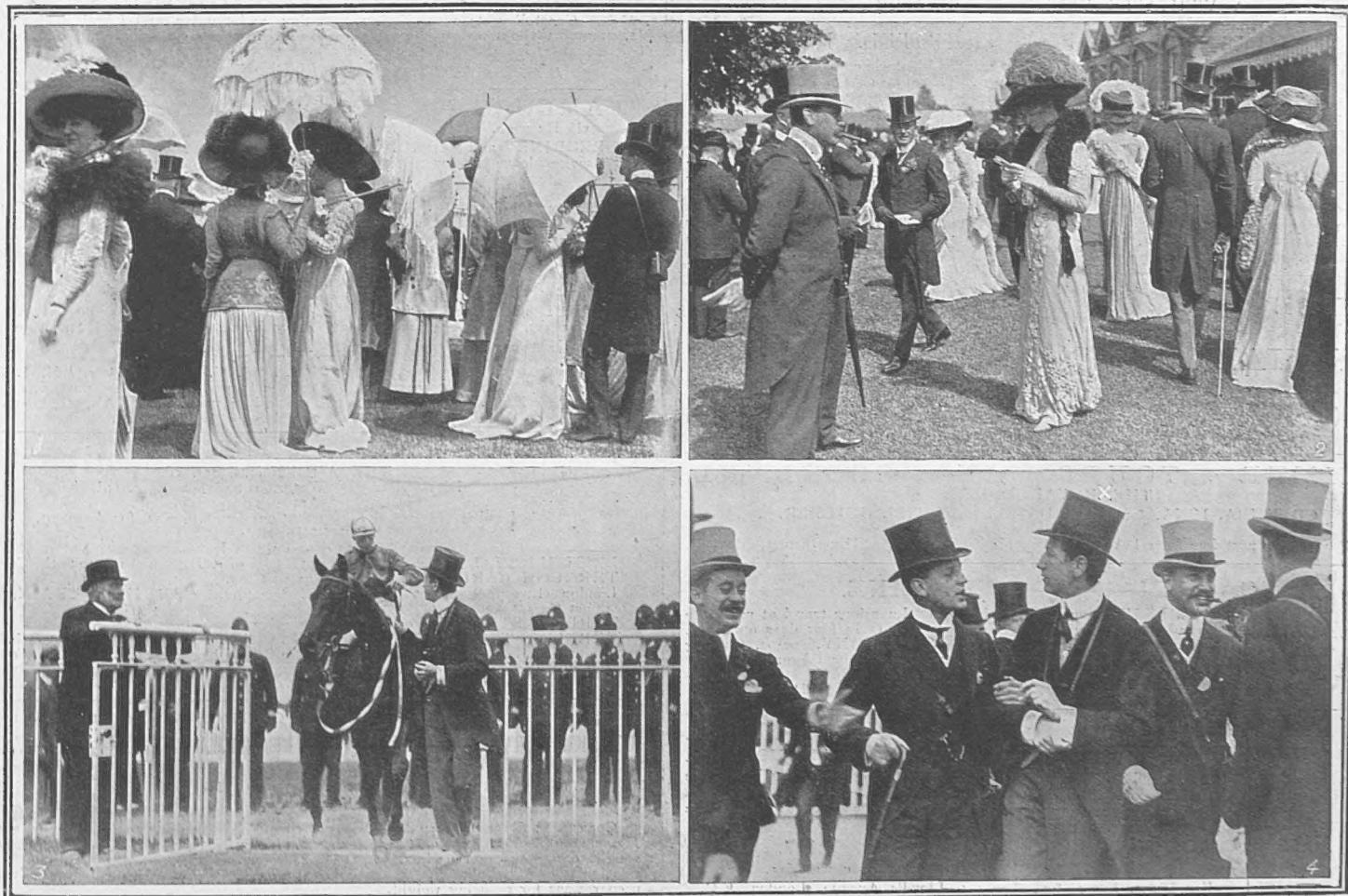
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ASCOT IN EXCELSIS : AT THE GREAT RACE MEETING.



THE WHITE HAT MADE ULTRA - FASHIONABLE AGAIN: THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES WEARING WHITE "TOPPERS," WITH WHITE BANDS, AT ASCOT

Photograph by Halfstones.



1. FASHION IN THE PADDOCK: BEAUTY, HER CHARMINGLY ELABORATE RACING COSTUME, AND HER HEAVILY FRINGED PARASOL.

3. "25 TO 1 AGAINST"! MR. J. A. DE ROTHSCHILD LEADING IN BOMBA, WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP.

2. LORD ROSEBURY'S ELDEST SON AND HEIR AT THE MEETING: LORD DALMENY, WITH LADY DALMENY, AT ASCOT.

4. ADVICE: THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE PERSUADING MR. DE ROTHSCHILD (X) TO LEAD IN BOMBA AFTER THE GOLD CUP.

As usual, the most fashionable race meeting of the year did not want for support, and, also as usual, the ladies' dresses were as elaborate as they were charming. For the men, the King again made the white hat fashionable, although this year the ultra-fashionable hat is white with a white band, not a black.—[Photographs by the Sports Company.]

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
FIFTH ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL to July 3.
Full Particulars, see Daily Press.
NOTICE.—In consequence of the unabated demand for seats, Mr. Tree has determined to resume the run of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL on Monday, July 5.
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MR. HERBERT SLEATH'S SEASON. EVERY EVENING, at 9, THE WOMAN IN THE CASE, by Clyde Fitch. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 8.30, ADMIRAL PETERS. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE. THE ARCADIANS.
EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. NERIGNE.
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By COSMO HAMILTON

Ascot Again—Old Ascot.

and get it wet—it always gets wet, and if not wet, smeared with petrolic dust—hack it to a weddin' or two and other beanfeasts; miss it one fine mornin', ask a mild adventurous question or so and find that the man has taken to it regularly, and, five minutes later, so it seems, order another for '09—Ascot again. And so it goes on. Of all events, I can't help thinkin' that Ascot comes round quicker than any other. It's amazin'. It's really and truly the other thing I date things by and tell people's ages by. Oddly enough, there are people—dear, good, hard-workin', honest souls—whom I never meet anywhere else. People who are devotin' all their lives to the Services, or who go abroad big-game huntin' for the wily dollar, who go to Ascot as a horse goes to water and a Scotsman to unblended Balblair. I notice that they look just the same year after year, until one special year. Then you catch sight of 'em suddenly and look again. Is that old Bee So - and - Such? No. Yes. No. Good Lord, it is. But he's grey and sagged, and wears his hat straighter, and an elderly tie, and you stand quite still under the shock, think back, make an arithmetical calculation, and find out, more or less accurately, that it's, by gum, it is, ten years since you met again at Ascot first, and ten years' labels are stickin' to old Bee S and S. If all the railway services ran as punctually as Time we should never be late. A rotten, regular thing, Time, what? It makes me rather sick to think about it. So I'll chuck it. I never think of



ROLLER-DANCING : THE "MERRY WIDOW" WALTZ ON ROLLER-SKATES.

Our photograph shows Reynolds and Donegan, the famous American roller-skaters, who are appearing at the Palace. Amongst other things, they give the Apache dance and the "Merry Widow" waltz on skates.—[Photograph by White.]

things directly I find out that they make me sick. It's doocidly sillyassish, what?

The Word I get post-cards from "What." J.P.s and

Territorial Majors, and schoolmasters who graduated at a University you have to hunt for in Whitaker's Almanack for sayin' "what" like that. I do, b'Jove. Full of vitriol and good grammar and a bad address. Some of 'em tell me it's jejune. I haven't the remotest notion what the thing means. Sounds like the feminine for a French sweet, the male of which used to stick to my teeth so that I had to be a sort of temporary Sandow to get'em apart—jolly stuff—but, or rather, be that as it may—let's be "literary," let's get into Athenæum manner, when we remember it—

what?—what? However, there it is. Writin' postcards is better than fallin' a victim to morphia or enterin' for croquet tournaments, I think, so I shan't call in the Public Prosecutor to act, because, firstly, you may call on the Public Prosecutor till you're freckled, and act he won't, and secondly, I don't think he's necessary.

So let's get on. Let's get back to dear old Ascot. Well, I don't pass it without complaints. Weather, on the whole, A r. Racin' toppin'. Made a bit on the week. Not much, not enough to put a suit of clothes out of shape, thank goodness, but just enough to waggle as I stood on the bearskin with my back to the oil-portrait of the man whose "Lodge" my host had hired at stupidly enormous rental in order to make a profit at bridge.

Wrappers and Such.

All the women who weren't quite quite

slippy looked horribly noticeable in Auteuil clothes, as they always do—the present Montmartre fashions are essentially suited only to thin people, bein' positive Baedekers to the tubby—and hats were excessively foolish, some of the Beauties of '84 hidden under bushels, poor old dears; but—ah! now we come to it!—the men! The men proved, beyond a doubt, that the effect of bein' governed by birds'-nesters is tellin' on the nation. The microbe of Lloyd - Georgianism is eatin' into 'em. I never was so pained and horrified. Clothes? Nonsense! Bosh! Find some other word. Coverings, wrappers, envelopes—anythin' but clothes. There actually were men to be seen in the frock-coat. Think of that! And trousers were concertina-ended. Oh, it was very sad and bad and mad, and oh, how nasty! as the poet sings.

The pussy type was more than ever in evidence, too. The wrigglin', dart-throwin' persons in a mass of garish colours, some of em wearin' a fob danglin' from under the weskit. Oh, my eve! And let me say one word about the Royal Enclosure. Just one, or so. There were people inside this year who would have been lucky to be tolerated in the Silver Ring ten years ago, poutin' about as though they'd bought the Heath. Oh, it's bad. I suggest that there is started next year another enclosure altogether, to cover about a rood of earth—if that queer, elderly Saxon word stands for a space not too big to hold a couple of hundred people, mostly thin, into which, obviously, about a hundred souls are allowed, besides me. Then there will be some sort of comfort, some sort of fitness, some sort of rightness, d'y see. I throw it out as a hint, and I suppose I may, what? (I shall say "what.")



AN ATTEMPT TO SLEEP IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE: THE OLD HEAD-AGAINST-THE-WINDOW-FRAME-AND-SEAT MADNESS.

I can't help that. When you feel impelled to use a word that means nothin' because you mean the dickens of a lot, what the dooce are you to say other than—"other than's" all right,



SLEEPING IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE: THE NEW SLING-FROM-THE-RACK-ARM-REST-AND-HEAD-PROTECTOR METHOD.

THE CLUBMAN

By Sea to Hamburg. That I should be travelling abroad during the height of the season is due to the fact, first, that a charming little lady who generally asks me to form one of her house-party at Ascot was too unwell to entertain this year, and secondly, to a desire to see towns other than London during their seasons. I am travelling towards the hub of the world; for I am

afraid that we must all sorrowfully admit that the centre of Europe has shifted from London or Paris to Berlin, and that, for the time at least, the Kaiser plays the tune to which all Europe dances. I reached Hamburg by the easiest, though not the quickest, route—by a Hamburg-American steamer, one of the great boats which discharge one third of their passengers at Plymouth, one third at Cherbourg, and take the other third, with two cabins at each man's disposal if he wants them, across the North Sea. It is a restful journey, for these Atlantic greyhounds are so huge—the *Deutschland*, in which I travelled, is of 19,000 tons—that a sea which makes smaller boats attempt to turn somersaults does not move them. It is as though a turbulent stream of water were rushing past a grand hotel built on the sea-level.

The German Liverpool.

Whoever named Hamburg the German Liverpool was over-complimentary to Liverpool, for the British town of fogs and docks has nothing to show to compare with the woods and gardens with which Hamburg is laced. From the window of my hotel I look out on to a little lake and the broad Lombard's Bridge and banks covered with trees; and beyond, the streak of light which is another and a larger lake. The lake has many rowing-boats on its surface, for whenever a Hamburger feels his chest becoming contracted he goes for a row, and little steamers continually puff across the water; and on the roof of the little café, all flowers and white-and-blue tiles and scarlet chairs, are a myriad pigeons, whose grey wings flash in the sunlight as they circle, and who hop about the broad pavement waiting to be thrown crumbs from the tables, eluding without any resentment the efforts of the babies of Hamburg to catch them by the tails. At night, lights move constantly over the sheet of water, which quivers with white and gold reflections, and with red and green streaks where the water catches the glow from the signal-lamps on the bridge. The music of the band in the café comes up to my window in bursts of sound. I know of no hotel in Liverpool which has such an outlook.

The Aussen Alster.

Regent's Park (where the gardens of the great houses come down to it) and the Islands outside St. Petersburg come nearer in beauty

to the banks of this Aussen Alster than anything else that I can recall. Where the road runs by the lake there are at intervals little stone belvederes, and by each are beds of flowers; but, for the most part, the gardens of the houses where the wealthy merchants live come right down to the banks. From the lake arms run out, each making a beautiful backwater, and on the little promontories are white-faced restaurants, with pink and red geraniums in all the window-boxes, and thousands of green chairs and tables facing the big bandstands. On warm nights, all Hamburg goes out by the fussy little steamers and sits on the chairs and drinks the light beer of the country and listens to the music. Hamburg is more fortunate than Liverpool in having this lake and these little restaurants.

The Hamburg Yachtsmen.

On Sunday nearly every young man in Hamburg wears a yachting-cap with a club badge on it, and on the bigger of the two lakes are many little clusters of white sails. I wondered for a while at this great rage for yachting, but I soon remembered a story of the Kaiser's visit to one of the Hanseatic ports, and of the jealousy of

the other two. It is part of the policy of the Emperor to encourage every man who can afford to keep a yacht, and who lives in any town where there is water enough to sail a cockle-boat, to own a craft of some kind and to take the helm himself. It is all part of the policy of the present ruler of Germany, for it all tends to make the Teutons lovers of the sea. One of the Hanseatic towns sent a beautiful yacht, owned by a good fellow and a good sailor, to compete in British waters, and she won many prizes at regattas, and did much for the honour of Germany. The Kaiser visited the town from which she sailed, and was most gracious to her owner, and drank a goblet of wine with the city fathers in the Rathhaus. The other two cities were jealous, and indirectly asked when they would be honoured by a visit from the Emperor. An intimation that when they sent yachts out to secure victories for Germany they might expect a royal visit turned all the patriotic young men in those cities into ardent yachtsmen.

The "Zoo" at Hamburg.

"Zoo." The "Zoo" at Hamburg is world-famous, but thoroughly to appreciate its beauties one has to see it. The gardens have unlimited space, and therefore can give the animals greater room to move about than any other "Zoo" I know. The goats and the mountain-deer have rocky

hills over which to scamper, and every animal has plenty of room in its enclosure and some imitation of its natural surroundings. It is much what our London "Zoo" would become if the Fellows were allowed to take in a big slice of the Regent's Park.



IN UNDRESS "UNIFORM": VERY MODERN SOLDIERS AS VERY ANCIENT ROMANS AT THE COLCHESTER PAGEANT.

Obviously, this odd mixture of the dress of the fighting men of to-day and of old Rome is not in evidence at the Pageant. This photograph was taken at a rehearsal.



THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: NOTABLE FIGURES IN THE COLCHESTER PAGEANT.

From left to right are Mr. Twyman as Lord Capel, Mr. Barton as Lord Loughborough, the Rev. W. M. Bellamy as Lord Goring, Mr. Sanger as Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and Mr. J. E. Rivett as Sir George Lisle.—[Photograph by Gill.]

The larger of the two lakes has shores which are more beautifully arranged than any other lake-borders that I know. The water in

Regent's Park (where the gardens of the great houses come down to it) and the Islands outside St. Petersburg come nearer in beauty

THE COCK TO BE; AND THE FIRST APACHE-DANCER.

FRENCH ACTORS WHO ARE APPEARING IN LONDON—AT THE EMPIRE AND AT THE ADELPHI.



1, 2, and 3. THE ORIGINATOR OF THE APACHE DANCE: M. MAX DEARLY, AT THE EMPIRE.

4. THE COCK OF THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF ROSTAND'S "CHANTECLER"; M. LUCIEN GUITRY, WHO IS AT THE ADELPHI. 5. THE FRENCH SEASON AT THE ADELPHI: M. LUCIEN GUITRY IN "L'EMIGRÉ."

Two famous French actors are now in London—the one at the Empire, the other at the Adelphi. M. Dearly is giving a characteristic entertainment, which includes the Apache dance, which he originated. M. Guity has with him a company from the Renaissance Theatre, and is appearing in a series of French plays, which includes "L'Assommoir," "Le Voleur," "La Griffe," and "L'Emigré."—[Photographs by Bert.]



MISS DOROTHY CAROLINE PEPYS,
WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR HERBERT
HASTINGS HARINGTON.

Miss Pepys is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Walter Courtenay Pepys, and granddaughter of Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

Photograph by Lafayette.

opening and shutting the door for itself.



TO MARRY MR. ALFRED ERNEST PARKER TO-MORROW (THURSDAY):

MISS JOAN BOWES-LYON.

Miss Bowes-Lyon is a granddaughter of the late Lord Strathmore.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

garden-party next week. Brentford is not a charming place to pass through, for gasometers and electric trams alternately press their attentions on the passer-by; nevertheless, Syon House retains a great deal of the interest put into it by that Duke of whom it was said that "price is the reason of my Lord of Northumberland's liking anything." Other and more careful taste has added to the riches of this Brentford seat: the present Duke is keenly interested in archaeological studies, and the Duchess of Northumberland, like her brother the Duke of Argyll, is far from unprincipled in matters of art and literature.

Crumps. The Duke of Northumberland whose reckless expenditure left so conspicuous a mark upon the family mansions was a great entertainer, and a garden-party at Syon House in the twentieth century is a pale phantom of the festivals he delighted in. A mountain of coloured plums and candies, illuminated by a thousand candles, was a cheery trifle made for a dinner, and distributed the next day among the families of his grooms, even as the remnants of Queen Alexandra's birthday-cake are distributed among poor children at the present day. He it was who added the dukedom

SMALL TALK



MAJOR HERBERT HASTINGS HARINGTON, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY CAROLINE PEPYS.

Major Harington is of the 92nd Punjabis, and son of the late Mr. H. B. Harington, Oude Commissioner.

Photograph by Lafayette.

to the great titles of the Percys, being himself, it was reported at the time, the descendant of a gentleman who either let or drove coaches, a pursuit which we now know to be a sign of the fine gentleman. Earl Percy, the heir to the Dukedom, has never quite forgotten that he gained the prize for English verse at Oxford, but Foreign Affairs have proved a very heavy distraction from the Muse.

A Flaggng Interest.

The Duke of Wellington pays his rent on Waterloo Day. That might seem a rather melancholy manner of celebrating the anniversary of a great family and national triumph. But the Duke's payment takes the form of a little flag, of the value of only a pound or two. It is presented by the Duke to the King in person—a pleasure that does not flag! The Stratfield Saye and the Blenheim flags surmount the busts of the great Dukes of Wellington and of Marlborough in the State Guard-Room at Windsor, and, being renewed year by year, they never get a venerable aspect—they are never rent-flags in more than one sense of the word.

Tate-a-Tate.

Particularly cordial are our congratulations to Mr. H. B. Tate on his engagement to Miss Ida Legge. Congratulations we can freely offer, but his grandfather's pictures will never be restored to the family. We must at least hope that the freedom of the gallery will be offered him and his bride, even if we are not private-spirited enough to put the "Tate" at the entire disposal of the couple for a fortnight of the honeymoon.



TO MARRY MISS JOAN BOWES-LYON TO-MORROW (THURSDAY):

MR. ALFRED ERNEST PARKER.

Mr. Parker, who is of the 10th Hussars, is the youngest son of the late Mr. A. T. Parker, of Beechwood, Aigburth, and Fairlie, Ayrshire.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Sir Felix Semon, Physician Extraordinary to the King,



TO MARRY MR. DEALTRY CHARLES PART, OF THE 21ST LANCERS: MISS EDITH MARY CHRISTIE-MILLER.

The wedding is fixed for the 24th.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

is to be entertained at dinner by his friends on July 2. He is retiring from practice, a matter of rejoicing to his able-bodied friends,

but of regret, one supposes, to the ailing section of his acquaintances. The throat is Sir Felix's special domain, and he knows most famous larynxes "like his pocket." Not unnaturally, therefore, Lady Semon was a singer; all singers found their way, at one time or another, to her husband's consulting-room. Now they can hope to be received only in the charming music-room which is a feature of the retiring physician's house in Wimpole Street.



ENGAGED TO MISS MILLY MORRISON: MR. ALBERT DYKES SPICER.

Mr. Spicer is the eldest son of Sir Albert Spicer, M.P. for Central Hackney.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO MR. ALBERT DYKES SPICER: MISS MILLY MORRISON.

Miss Morrison is the only daughter of the popular Rector of Marylebone.

Photograph by Thomson.

EUSTACE SMILES: CATERPILLAR AND AIR AS A DIET.

A BISLEY SHOT WITH THE TONGUE: A CHAMELEON CATCHES A CATERPILLAR.



1. GOING !

2. GOING !

3. GOING !

4. GOING !

5. GOING !

6. GONE !!

Our photographs are of a chameleon (named Eustace, for the benefit of our head-line) catching a caterpillar, and show the tongue at various periods of its progress towards the insect. The chameleon's tongue is as long as its body, and is covered with a viscid saliva. The animal shoots it towards its quarry, the quarry sticks to it, and is promptly drawn into the mouth. The chameleon is so slow of movement that, were it not for its tongue, it would never catch enough to eat. The animal's habit of inflating itself gave rise to the idea that it lived on air.

Photographs by W. P. Dando,



A HALF-SISTER OF LORD INCHIQUIN: THE HON. LILAH O'BRIEN.

Photograph by L'Estrange.

has caught his eye, and his approval, when he has passed by. It would indeed be sad if their Majesties were not to approve the style of the architect whose work is so prominent, not only in colleges and museums, but immediately opposite the gates and windows of Buckingham Palace. As a matter of fact, Sir Aston Webb has the full confidence of their Majesties, nor is he likely to shake it.

*Two Mid-
summers.* While the Queen to-day attends the Midsummer Fair and Fête at Olympia, the Prince of Wales arrives at Midsomer Norton, one of the most charming spots in Somersetshire. Its name alone is equal to an hour's sunshine; but Somersetshire abounds in names that are quaint and interesting, as Sampford Brett, Huish Episcopi, and Curry Rivell testify. And yet Queen Alexandra is not ill-content with London. In the Olympia

Fair her interests have been much centred, and Genée dancing the other day—and dancing two special new dances for the occasion—proved almost as refreshing as Midsomer Norton. Her Majesty was particularly gracious in her praise of Mlle. Adeline's performance,

and everybody will share in her pleasure at the news that Genée is not to disappear for two years. Then, she says, she will marry and retire; and her words ring as true as the patter of her feet upon the boards, so that we must not hope for a long series of "positively last appearances."

Mrs. Philip Snowden. The wife of the brilliant, eager member for Blackburn has been described as the most attractive feminine personality in the Socialist world. *Née* Miss Ethel Annakin, her marriage to Mr. Snowden took place four years ago, and almost at once the bride became a prominent figure, alike trusted and consulted, in the political party to which her husband belongs. Mrs. Snowden is an admirable platform speaker; her lectures have been attended by thousands of people, especially in the North of England,

CROWNS-COPONETS-COURTIERS.

ON Saturday the King, accompanied by the Queen, will open the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the "Brompton Boilers," as the unsightly sheds still standing on the other side of Exhibition Road have been called, will, it is hoped, soon disappear. There has been some discussion as to the merits of Sir Aston Webb's design; but, although the King's path does not often lie in the direction of South Kensington, it is rumoured that the new building

where the Labour movement has made many converts.

A Friend of the Queen. The Marquise d'Hautpoul has

a peculiar and much-to-be-envied position in Society. She belongs by birth to the oldest Roman Catholic nobility; by marriage she is connected with the French Legitimist world; and she is known to be a favoured younger friend of Queen Alexandra. Her Majesty as Princess of Wales had but few intimate friends, and among them perhaps the most intimate was Mrs. Stonor. After this lady's premature death her royal friend interested herself to a peculiar degree in the fate of her children. Mrs. Stonor's only daughter, then Miss Julia Stonor, was

RACING HOSTESS AND POLITICIAN.
LADY BEATRICE PRETYMAN.

Photograph by Thomson.

a great deal with the three daughters of our Sovereign, and when her marriage took place she was offered the unique honour of spending her honeymoon at Sandringham. The Marquise d'Hautpoul prefers a quiet, intellectual life to that of smart society, and this makes the more interesting the fact that she is going to take part in the great charity fête at Olympia, held under Queen Alexandra's immediate patronage in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.



A FRIEND OF THE QUEEN: THE MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL.

Who is to take part in the great Charity Fête at Olympia.

Photograph by L'Estrange.

A Princess as Inventor. Princess Stéphanie of Belgium

future Empress of Austria, and is now the wife of a Count Lonyay, is a successful royal inventor. She is particularly clever in producing improvements to lamps, and her most successful patent is a chafing-dish and spirit-lamp combined, which is said to be exceedingly popular in America, the land of chafing-dish suppers.

Marconi at Court. "By the Italian Ambassador,

Commendatore G. Marconi," so runs the phrase in the Court Circular, signifying that one of the most famous of modern Italy's sons had the honour last week of being presented to their Majesties. Guglielmo Marconi is only thirty-five, and yet he has, in a special sense, conquered the world. His mother was an Irishwoman, of Dublin, and thus he is half a subject of our Sovereign, and, as all the world knows, he has made even closer his ties with the Mother Country by marrying the daughter of an Irish peer. The Chevalier, to give him the title to which he has a right, is at home in every country, for his wonderful life work takes him here, there, and everywhere.



WIFE OF THE SOCIALIST MEMBER FOR BLACKBURN: MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Photograph by Thomson.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN COURT DRESS FOR THE FIRST TIME: COMMENDATORE G. MARCONI.

Photograph by Langsier.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A STRAWBERRY "BED" ON A LINER: RAISING FRUIT ABOARD
THE "KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA."



A KITCHEN-GARDEN AFLLOAT: GROWING VEGETABLES ON BOARD
A HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINER.

Our photographs were taken in the conservatory that is a feature of the Hamburg-American liner "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria." In this conservatory are raised strawberries, other fruits, and mushrooms for the use of the passengers.



ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF FAMOUS MEN: A MONUMENT TO ADAM.

The monument was erected by Mr. John P. Brady, builder and contractor.



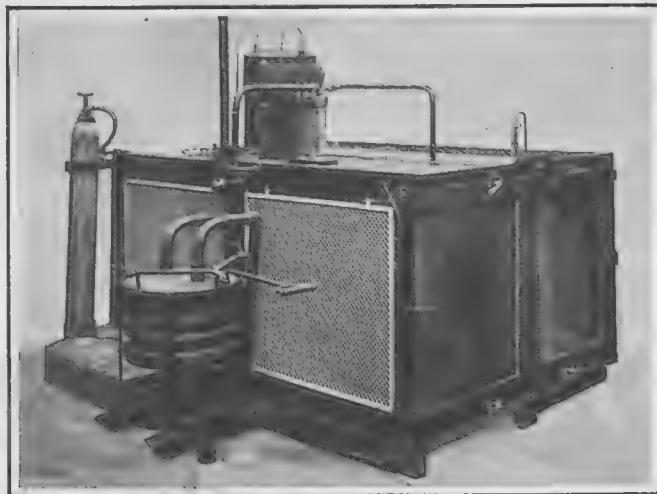
THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE IN STAINED GLASS: M. FALLIÈRES AS A CANON OF LE MANS CATHEDRAL.

Every ruler of the French Republic is, by right, Honorary Canon of Le Mans Cathedral.



ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF FAMOUS MEN: A MONUMENT TO ADAM.

—It stands on the lawn of Mr. Brady's country home, near Gardenville, Baltimore.



EASY DEATH: AN ELABORATE CABINET IN WHICH DYING DOGS ARE ASPHYXIATED.



"PALM-OIL": THE NEW PURSE-IN-THE-HAND GLOVE, SPECIALLY MADE FOR LADIES.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (*Honolulu*)

"When the Devil was Ill." Mr. McEvoy has been represented by two plays in four acts during Miss Horniman's season, and proved himself a dramatist of originality in idea, lively wit, and great sense of character. Such qualifications should lead him very far. His weakness at present is a tendency to be too diffuse, but his superfluities are not dull in themselves. "When the Devil was Ill" is a really amusing, clever farcical comedy, making fun of the extravagances of seekers after "the simple life," and in it many modern fads and fancies are ridiculed cruelly and ingeniously. It has a sufficient plot and a capital group of characters. The triumph of the acting was that of Mr. Charles Bibby, who, with great humour and no extravagance, showed the sufferings of a precise, dull pedant forced to gratify a sudden whim for forest life. Mr. Iden Payne gave a fine study of the popular, young, nervous novelist "fed up" with real vagabond life in the country, concerning which he has raved in his books. Mr. Basil Dean played divertingly as a foolish gamekeeper; the versatile, ingenious Mr. Jules Shaw was nicely comic as a queer Welshman; and Miss Mona Limerick represented the fantastic heroine fantastically, but ably and effectively.

The Modern Morality Play. After seeing Mr. McEvoy's comedies, it was rather curious to watch Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's work, "Fires of Fate," which he classifies as a "modern morality play," and has discussed in advance with the Press. It is a pity that he should have followed the precedent of Mr. Hall Caine and indulged in forewords concerning his drama which were likely to raise false hopes in the bosoms of the unwary. No one doubts the good faith of the two popular novelists, but when they make portentous announcements about their plays the critics are apt to be a little biased, and comment more upon the absence of the advertised extraordinary qualities than upon the merits possessed by the pieces. Though rather too long and sometimes tedious because of needless blocks of uninteresting talk, which can be cut easily, Sir Arthur's work is quite a good melodrama. There is too much of the Congregationalist minister and his preaching; though, to be fair, Mr. A. E. George plays the part with wonderful spirit: still, the story is fairly ingenious and not uninteresting, and the first act, apart from the humours

of the parson and of the tiresome butler, is quite striking. (By-the-bye, did patients give a "fiver" as a fee to fashionable consulting physicians in 1894? Of course, Sir Arthur is a great authority on the point, but I grieve to think I have always paid the fee in what barristers call "guas," not pounds, but thankful never to have exceeded three at a time.) It is striking and effective, but I have more than a doubt about the accuracy of the details connected with the spinal complaint, its diagnosis and cure; such matters, however, have no importance in connection with melodrama, a class

examination, was declared by a fashionable physician to have a rare spinal disease, of which there was only one cure on record—a disease almost certain to end in a painful death within a year. All the world is aware that, in consequence of the Colonel abstaining, at the instance of a Dissenting parson, from committing suicide before his sufferings began, he is able to cause the rescue of the woman he loves from a party of Dervishes, who capture a body of Cook's tourists in the desert—a nasty criticism upon Cook's tours in 1894—and in the end gets cured by the shock due to the attack of the Dervishes, or by a whack on the head that he gets from one of them. So there is no need to give details of the plot employed by the author to illustrate his lesson that there is good in evil, and that sin and suffering are caused by a conscious, intelligent controller of the universe for beneficent purposes. It is rather comic that whilst it is suggested that the lesson is proved where one can see the beneficial results, the validity of the demonstration is not supposed to be impugned when, so far as one can see, the results are maleficent. The play presents some capital desert scenes, and the house enjoyed the firing and the struggles and fierce emotions, which are introduced with some dexterity; and although a more skilful craftsman would have given us sharper thrills, Sir Arthur, considering his comparative lack of experience, has done very well. There was an excellent performance, in which was nothing surprising, seeing that the cast contained Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, Miss Agnes Thomas, and Messrs. Lewis Waller, A. E. George, Fisher White, and Shiel Barry for the important parts. Miss D'Alroy is making rapid progress, and her future is a matter of considerable interest and moment. Mr. Shiel Barry had quite a triumph by his very clever rendering of a cowardly Egyptian dragoman, truly comic in a legitimate fashion, before the catastrophe of the play occurs. Mr. Lewis Waller had a capital acting part, and, of course, delighted the house.

Echegary Drama. At the Adelphi, Mr. Martin Harvey has been giving us a specimen of Spanish melodrama in "The World and His Wife," which is an adaptation by Mr. C. F. Nirdlinger of an old play of the Spanish writer, Echegary. It is rather better than the common English melodrama, for it has ideas. The central motive is the power of slander to bring about an evil which did not exist before; and there is some originality in the treatment of the ancient theme of the husband, the wife, and the other man. There is daring, too, in the ending, in which, on the husband's death, the wife and the other man, having been scrupulously virtuous, and yet most cruelly slandered, go off vowing in effect that, as the world has called them guilty, guilty they will be; but in spite of these merits and a certain crude force, the characterisation is primitive and violent, and the dialogue is pure rhetoric of the stage. Mr. Martin Harvey and Mr. Henry Ainley played in a high key of ferocious passion, but failed to move our pity; and a clever performance was given by Mr. Ben Webster as an English officer of a rather farcical kind.



IN "EUNICE," AT THE HICKS: MISS FANNIE WARD AS EUNICE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

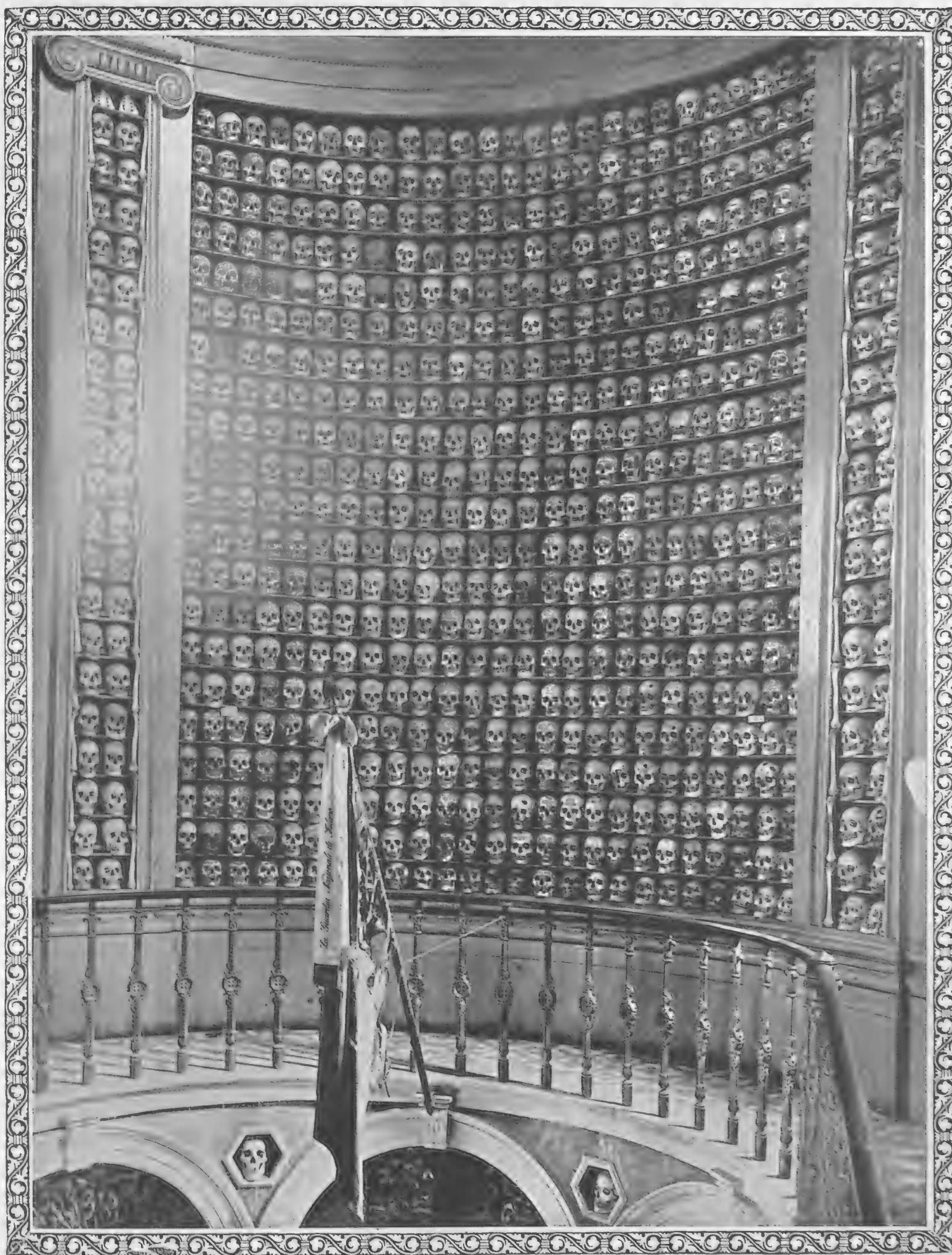
of drama which hardly professes accuracy, except in the mere representation of inanimate objects. Everybody by now knows the story of the gallant colonel who, after a very brief, superficial



LEADING LADY IN THE FRENCH PLAYS AT THE ADELPHI: MLLÉ. JEANNE ROLLY. Mlle. Rolly, at one time a member of the Renaissance Company, has played with noteworthy success, not only in Paris, but in St. Petersburg. She is described as a most earnest and sincere comédienne.

Photograph by Paul Berger.

MORTS AU CHAMP D'HONNEUR :
THE MOST GRUESOME WAR RELICS IN THE WORLD.



MEMORIALS TO THE GOD OF WAR: SKULLS OF THOSE KILLED AT SOLFERINO IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

The church of Solferino contains the skulls of very many of those who fell at the Battle of Solferino, in June of 1859, when the allied French and Sardinian armies, under Napoleon III, and Victor Emmanuel, defeated the Austrians, under Francis Joseph. The Allies lost some 18,000 men; the Austrians, some 20,000.

Photograph by Trampus.



AFTER DINNER

BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Oyster Rediscovered.

The Colchester Pageanteers tell us all about the gentleman who first discovered the oyster. Some other gentlemen of the Flint Age seem hospitably to have received the bivalve, for much of the history of Neolithic man is written for us in the mounds of shells which once contained the oysters that he ate. But how many would go to make a meal for our ancestors before brown bread and lemons came to table? Has the modern appetite for oysters degenerated, or developed? For the purpose of comparison take Bismarck's capacity. He once told with unction the tale of his first feast of oysters. He was six-and-twenty, and on his way home from England. He rested at Liège, and ordered twenty-five oysters. He rather fancied the sample, and decided to have some from stock. Fifty more he ate, then, sure that he liked them, settled down seriously to a hundred. That made fifteen dozen bar a few.

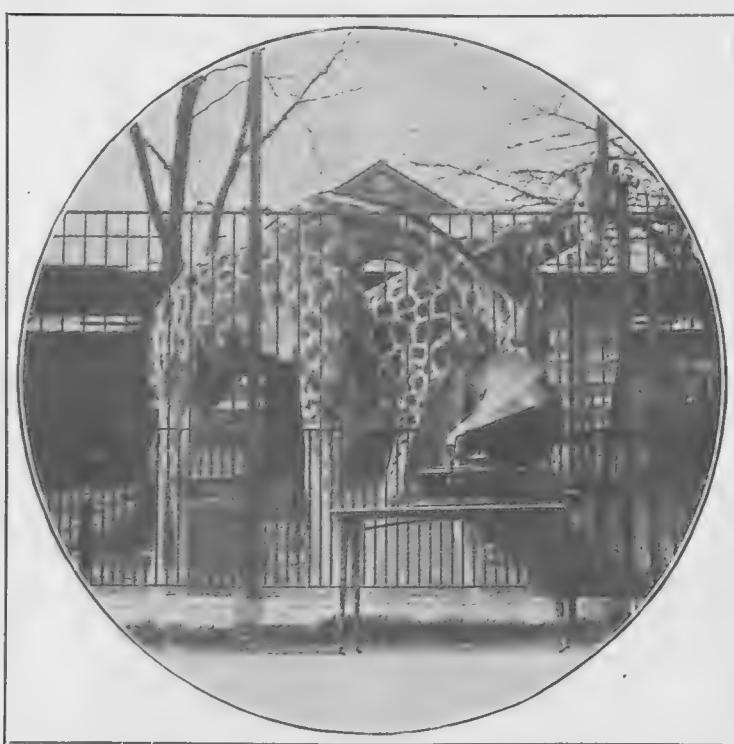
Predestined Ills. The Colonial Premiers, when they went home, informed their newspapers that they had been unable to work in England on account of the merciless hospitality of their hosts. What will our journalistic visitors say of their own experience? Should any of them by this time be finding the burden too heavy, they might be glad to know that Fleet Street could without difficulty furnish proxies for their feasts where the wine-list is generous. But for power to work against what would, or should, be heavy odds of this sort, we may again refer to our old friend Bismarck. It was not the feasting, but the lack of it, which made him weary over the Berlin Conference. His work kept him out of bed until six in the morning; he rarely got to sleep before eight, and he rose four hours later, feeling, as he said, that his brain consisted of lumps of disconnected jelly. So, to prime himself, "to make his blood boil properly," he filled his enormous beer-mug with the strongest port, emptied it, refilled and emptied, and again followed suit. But for that, he declared, he would have been



THE PEACOCK LISTENS WITH SATISFACTION.

A Wise Man of the East. Young Turkey, with an ex-Sultan on her hands, looks like drifting, or being driven, into a repetition of a passage in our history of Commonwealth times. It remains to be seen whether she will resist the temptation to relieve Abdul of his head. Wise counsels will doubtless direct her attention to the attitude of England towards the "mad" Mullah. We cannot catch him, so we have decided to spare his life. They have caught Abdul, so they will have to look for example a little deeper into our story, and remember Arabi Pasha. There was a genial proposal to shoot him on sight, but a wise Turk in Egypt at the time, a Turk who was distinctly not a pro-Arab, put the case rather startlingly to a British officer. He deprecated the idea of capital punishment, not because he objected to capital punishment in the abstract, but because he thought that a "martyrdom" would strengthen the revolutionary cause. "Look at your religion. It would never have taken rise if the prophet Isa had not been crucified," he said. The amazing nature of the comparison makes the utterance memorable.

Sweet Simplicity. A recent *Punch* joke shows the hardened Etonian with money in his pocket insisting that the new boy shall buy him sweets "on tick." Those who are helping this week in the Darwin Centenary may possibly remember that their hero was himself the victim of one of the funniest schoolboy tricks ever played. A pleasant youth, who had "credit" at certain shops, took him into an establishment and bought tarts and what-not, and walked out of the shop without paying. Darwin was surprised, "Oh, don't you know why?" said his sophisticated companion. "Don't you know that my uncle left a great fortune to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatsoever was wanted without payment to anyone who wore his old hat and moved it in a particular manner?" The magic hat was thereupon forced upon the youthful genius, who was persuaded to enter and try its spell. He ordered cakes enough to



THE GIRAFFES ARE DECIDEDLY CURIOUS.

BETTER PLEASED THAN THE SHACKLETON PENGUINS: THE GRAMOPHONE—ITS EFFECT UPON ANIMALS.

Photographs by Philip Kester.

incapable of presiding. But then he was a fatalist. He thought every man predestined to drink a certain quantity of liquor and to smoke a given number of cigars. Of the latter he got through, he reckoned, 100,000; and of liquor, 5000 bottles of champagne.



THE CAMELS TURN EAGER EARS TOWARDS THE MUSIC.

gladden the hearts of a schoolful, and waved his hat Masonically at the shopkeeper. But the latter worthy was not under its influence. He made a rush for his customer, and what the latter suffered as he dropped his wares and bolted is not recorded.

MIXED MYTHOLOGY : CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



I.—ICARUS DISCUSSES THE LATEST THING IN AVIATION WITH A FEW MEMBERS OF THE CRETAN AERO CLUB ON THE DAY BEFORE HIS LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BEREE.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Applauding his Own Production.

In the days of his earlier association with the theatre, Mr. Marc Klaw (who has just introduced some considerable alterations into "Eunice," in which Miss Fannie Ward is playing during his season at the Hicks) was associated with his present partner, Mr. Erlanger, and with Mr. C. B. Jefferson, a son of the late Joseph Jefferson, in a play called "The Country Circus." It was an exceedingly elaborate production, as may be judged from the fact that it cost about £14,000. The three partners invested in it every penny they possessed in the world. The great effect of the play came in the third act. It took the form of the parade of a circus, and, incidentally, of nearly all the money which had been invested in the production, for some sixty horses and ponies took part in the procession; and there were cages of wild animals, brass bands, and the usual aggregation of incidents which great circuses like those of Messrs. Barnum and Bailey had made familiar. To get a greater effect, the lights in the auditorium were lowered, while, to make the procession seem even more imposing than it really was, several well-known devices were introduced, so that it appeared as if it would never stop; and, as a matter of fact, it lasted twelve minutes. The effect was greater even than the impresarios had hoped for, for when the curtain fell and the lights were turned up, the whole audience was found standing up, shouting and applauding as loudly as it could. In order the better to judge the scene, Mr. Klaw and Mr. Erlanger had reserved two stalls for themselves for the first performance, and they occupied them. In spite of the fact that he had seen the rehearsals over and over again, Mr. Klaw was so carried away by the enthusiasm of those around him that, when the curtain fell, he found himself standing up like everybody around him and shouting "Bravos" for all he was worth. The only apparently cool man was Mr. Erlanger, who pulled him down by the coat-tails, saying, "Sit down, sit down; why, everybody is looking at you." "Let 'em look," cried Mr. Klaw in his enthusiasm; "I guess I've paid a sight more money than anybody here to see this show, and I'm going to cheer if I want to. If anyone had paid half as much as I did, I'd want him to make a noise too."

A Penny Jokelet. One of the commonest jests which older actors indulge in at the expense of their younger colleagues is to tell them certain lines which they are to be "sure and not speak on the stage," in order to see whether, in consequence of the "tricksiness" of the memory, they will do so. Examples of such pitfalls have been given on this page from time to time. An interesting one occurred in the early career of Miss N. de Silva (Mrs. Martin Harvey), who is playing in the series of matinées of "The World and His Wife" at the Adelphi, in the days when she was at the Lyceum as a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, in

which she was often cast for the pages in the different plays. On one occasion, when "Charles I" was revived, she found herself given the page, as usual. In the last act she had to enter and announce, "The King! The King! He rides in desperate haste." One of the older members of the company used often to repeat this line to her, with another of his own composition, "A penny trumpet round his royal waist." One night, just before Miss de Silva had to make her entrance, he went up to her and said, "Now, remember, you are not to say when you go on—

The King! The King! He rides in desperate haste, A penny trumpet round his royal waist."

The next moment Miss de Silva heard her cue. She ran on to the stage and cried—

The King! The King! He rides in desperate haste, A penny trumpet round his royal waist.

So intensely did she speak the lines, so charged with emotion was her voice, so vividly did she seem affected by the coming of the King, that the utter bathos, not to say the flagrant stupidity, of the added line, did not strike the audience, and no one noticed it except the author of the joke himself, who doubtless enjoyed the success of the little plot he had laid.

As It Was in the Beginning. Although "Penelope" has been running so long,

there is one interesting fact about it of which probably no playgoer is aware. This is that it has served as an artistic reunion for Mrs. Calvert, Miss Kate Bishop, and Mr. Alfred Bishop, who were members of Mr. Calvert's company at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, when they were young beginners on the stage.

The Inauguration of Early Doors. It was during the second

season there that Mrs. Calvert saw the inauguration of the movement of "Early Doors" which has since developed into so general a practice. There had been a week of inclement weather, and Mr. Calvert, noticing the sorry plight of the crowds waiting to go into the pit and gallery, suggested to the chairman of the Committee of Shareholders that the people should have the privilege of entering the theatre as soon as they arrived, instead of having to wait until a given time for the doors to be opened. That gentleman, with a keen eye to the expense of any innovation, pointed out that it would involve bringing the money-takers and other attendants to the theatre earlier than usual, and that they would require to be paid for their time, while it would also increase the gas-bill. Mr. Calvert therefore suggested that the people might be willing to pay for the additional expense by the addition of a small charge to the price of the seats for the new privilege. The experiment was tried, and it succeeded so well that it was adopted first in one theatre, then in another, until now it is general throughout the provinces and in the suburbs.

AUTHOR OF "THE THREE BARROWS" AND
"WHEN THE DEVIL WAS ILL":
MR. CHARLES McEOVY.

Mr. McEvoy's "The Three Barrows" and "When the Devil Was Ill" were produced during Miss Horniman's season at the Coronet, each to the pleasure of a large audience.—[Photograph by Schmidt.]



THE AUTHOR OF "MAKESHIFTS," A MIDDLE-CLASS COMEDY:
MISS GERTRUDE L. ROBINS.

Miss Gertrude Robins's "Makeshifts" was played at the Coronet Theatre by Miss Horniman's company, with great success. It will no doubt be remembered that the piece was originally produced at the Gaiety, Manchester, in October of last year. Miss Robins took honours in modern languages at Oxford when she was still in her teens. Later she went on the stage and made her first success with Wilson Barrett. Amongst the productions in which she has played are "A Winter's Tale," at His Majesty's, and "When Knights were Bold," at Wyndham's.—[Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.]

THE ADVANCE GUARD.



STATION - MASTER - PORTER - CLERK (*to prospective passenger, who is waiting on a branch line station for a train that is much overdue*):
She'll be gettin' near now, Sir. 'Ere's the engine-driver's little dog a-comin' down the line.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The True Adventuress.

The world will never tire, I think, of the history of adventuresses. Of course, it may become so wise and cool and unimpassioned in its actions that there will be no chance for any new adventuresses, and the history of the old might then weary by repetition—but that is not likely. But by adventuresses I mean the real thing. I do not mean women who by the simple and easy sale of their beauty have attained a distinguished position or amassed fortunes. I mean women who have really dared and ventured and done things worth recording. They may have used beauty as a means, but they must have had much more than that: intelligence and imagination and character—even though it was bad character. The merely “pretty toys” of the world are simply women who indulge their inclinations without regard to the world's conventions, or who traffic in a facile merchandise. Even if their lives are connected with kings and potentates, they do not make interesting reading if there is nothing else than beauty and facility to record, and too many books have been written about such women. But the true adventuress is always worth a book.

Lola Such an one was Emma Montez. Hamilton, who started life as a serving-wench and became the intimate of a queen and the inspirer of our great sailor, and a most interesting book was made of her some few years ago by Mr. Walter Sichel. And such an one was Lola Montez, who directed the policy of a kingdom and caused a revolution, and of her a most interesting book has been made by Mr. Edmund B. d'Auvergne, and recently published by Werner

Laurie: “Lola Montez: An Adventuress of the ‘Forties.’” I am extremely obliged to him; I have enjoyed the book immensely. Even from what I knew of her already, I counted her very high up indeed in the roll of her type, knowing she had been the friend of the great Dumas, had done all those fine things in Bavaria, and had generally dazzled the world. The late Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower records in his Reminiscences that he knew her when she lived in Half-Moon Street, when she had been expelled from Bavaria, and that served to bring the lady near home, as it were. But until I read Mr. d'Auvergne my idea of her dazzling career was altogether inadequate, and, reflecting with some knowledge of such histories, I can remember no one quite so remarkable. Merely to give in outline the strange things which Lola Montez did and suffered would fill far more than this column, and I shall not try to compress them. But just a few facts I must state, chiefly by way of correcting inaccurate ideas which I had myself, and which you probably

share. In the first place, Lola was not a Spaniard at all. These fortunate islands have the credit of her birth and parentage: she was born in Limerick, and her father's name was Gilbert and her mother's Oliver. Gilbert was an officer in the Army, as was James, with whom she made a runaway match at fifteen. Then, she was not an adventuress from the first. She had shone, as the lawful wife of Captain James, in the Viceregal Courts of Dublin and India. And lastly—to clear up the chief inaccuracy—she was not in Bavaria merely a King's mistress who dabbled in politics to suit her own purposes, but something like a real stateswoman, with ideas of progress and liberty. Moreover—not that it matters much, perhaps—though Louis I. undoubtedly worshipped her with an absolute devotion, she was probably not his mistress in the ordinary sense, and his wife made no objection to the intimacy. I wish I could go on and talk of her adventures in Paris and London, and America and Australia, all of them interesting and remarkable, but there is no space. She died as a devout member of the American Episcopal Church, after a period of excited religiosity and mysticism not unusual with women of her temperament as they decline into middle life.



THE REASON WHY!

TAMMAS (*disappointed over his inadequate tip*): Good-night, Mister McPherson.

Ah shall remember ye when ye come this way again.

MISTER MCPHERSON (*huskily*): Ah'm no comin' this way again.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

I must add a word, however, of compliment to Mr. d'Auvergne on his chivalry. It leads him, I think, into mistaken views at times, but that is natural when a man writes the biography of a beautiful woman. Mr. Sichel, I remember, betrayed something of the same amiable weakness in the case of Emma Hamilton. Thus, Mr. d'Auvergne seems really to think it was unreasonable of the Bavarians to object

to being openly governed by a dancer, even though her government was enlightened. They disliked also, it seems, her habit of boxing the ears of people who displeased her, and Mr. d'Auvergne sympathises with them in that. Personally, I think I would bear a box on the ears from such a beautiful person with good humour, but I should strongly object to her making laws for my obedience. Then he is simply furious with the English law because, since Lola had not been completely divorced from Captain James and married again in his lifetime, she was held up for bigamy. “A law framed by bigots and administered by idiots condemned a woman to lose her conjugal rights; and when she attempted . . .” etc. “Somewhere between this world and Nirvana there should be a flaming hell for the makers of our ancient English laws,” and so on. I like that. Chivalry may have led Mr. d'Auvergne too far; zeal may have eaten him up; but it is at least a pleasure to quote such trenchant language. A thoroughly interesting book on a quite wonderful woman, I am glad to have read it.

N. O. I.

LAUNCH AND LUNCH.



MAMMA: Make 'aste and launch your "Dreadnought," Percival dear, and then come and 'ave your milk.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE EVE OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

By EDWARD CECIL.

In June 1870 the town of St. Denis stood in the extreme east of France, close to the German frontier. It stands to-day in the extreme west of Germany, close to the French frontier. It still stands on the hill on which it has always stood; it is still the same old-world town, with its ancient houses in walled gardens, its ancient churches, and its ancient narrow by-streets leading into the one broad main thoroughfare, which is as unpleasantly hot and dusty in summer as it is unpleasantly cold and bleak in winter. But the town has been moved from France to Germany, and the earthquake which moved it was the Franco-German War.

It is still a military town. It still watches a frontier. As a town it is still prosperous; but it is not the town it once was. It lacks its atmosphere of irresponsible gaiety; it is less happy, more serious, and better disciplined. It boasts more officials than it did formerly; it consumes more food than it once did; it is more admirably arranged—in a word, it is now German. Yet, in bitter irony, it is still the town of St. Denis.

Doubtless as good soldiers as ever walk through its streets, Doubtless as gallant officers still sit in Madame Boncœur's café, though Madame Boncœur is now dead. But their ways are different. They drink beer instead of wine, and smoke pipes instead of cigarettes, and they are more sentimental and infinitely less amusing. They have not indeed, as yet, produced such a man as that dashing soldier who is still a memory with the older people of St. Denis, Monsieur le Colonel de Beaufair.

In 1870 Colonel de Beaufair was a finely built man in the early prime of life. His height was six feet, and he stood every inch of it. Being also broad-chested and strong-limbed, it may be said that his physique was magnificent.

There was, indeed, much that was magnificent about the Colonel. He had, for example, a magnificent contempt for most of his fellow-men. It was most often good-natured, but it was none the less the contempt which a superior human being feels for his inferiors. As the Colonel looked at his fellow-men down his magnificent Roman nose they became conscious that they were his inferiors even when they were not.

Moreover, Colonel de Beaufair had a splendid reputation for gallantry. It had blossomed at Solferino and ripened in Algiers. Superb bravery marked all his exploits in war. Not that he told people that this was so. He simply showed by his bearing that this was the only thing possible.

St. Denis said that this explained why he was a Colonel so young. His promotion had, in truth, been otherwise secured—in a way which all students of the Second Empire will readily guess.

Nevertheless, in those June days of 1870 the Colonel had an enterprise on foot in which he was not sure of success. There were times when he felt no doubt. But, quite as often, he foresaw failure. He was one of two men in fierce rivalry for a beautiful woman's favour.

Incredible though it might be, he was not sure of success—he, Colonel de Beaufair, and the enterprise the winning of a woman's heart!

The Villa Napoleon, so called because its roof did once shelter the great Emperor when he was passing through the town on one of his journeys to conquer Europe, was one of the finest houses in St. Denis. It stood within the town, but it was surrounded by a walled garden in which it was possible to forget that the town existed.

In the summer of 1870 it was occupied by the Marchesa di Castelini, a lady who had recently inherited an estate in the remote country near St. Denis. Finding the remote country insupportable, she was living in the town. She found the town very far from insupportable, and she was staying in the Villa Napoleon longer than she had originally intended. There were two reasons for this lengthened stay. One was Colonel de Beaufair, the other was Paul de Cissy, a Captain of Engineers—a short, bullet-headed, black-haired man, with a reputation for a sharp tongue and a keen eye. Both professed a devotion for the Marchesa which they swore would be eternal.

"But what can a woman believe?" asked the Marchesa of the reflection in her mirror each night. She was unable to decide between the Colonel's obvious attractions and the Captain's

astonishing power of influence without apparently possessing any attractions at all.

On that June night, the eve of Corpus Christi, a table was laid in the garden of the Villa, beneath the trees.

Upon the table was spotless linen, exquisite silver, and beautiful flowers. There were four people dining—the Marchesa and Madame de Lussors, her companion, the Colonel, and the Captain. Though nothing showed it, that dinner marked the climax in a rivalry which had become too fierce even for the Marchesa's appetite for admiration. That night, she had told herself, she would decide.

At that dinner beneath the trees Colonel de Beaufair excelled himself. In return, the Marchesa was gay and happy. Never had she looked more beautiful than she did that sweet June evening.

As she smiled acknowledgment of the Colonel's deference on some trivial point, the intoxicating wine of success mounted to his brain. He became reckless.

"I grant you your point, Marchesa," he said. But as he did so he believed that a greater victory was his. They were discussing the Empress Eugénie.

The Captain was talking earnestly to Mme. de Lussors. The Colonel and the Marchesa seemed thrown together.

"There is no greater help to a man in a position of power," he told her, "than the advice of a clever woman."

He looked up, and his eyes completed what his tongue had told. The man in whose hands power rested was Colonel de Beaufair, the General of to-morrow, and, since he was a favourite at the Tuilleries, who knew what else in the near future? The clever woman was the beautiful Marchesa. Nothing could be clearer.

The Colonel's voice sank lower. "Such women mould the careers of great men," he said.

Could tribute of flattery or hint of power and influence to come be more explicit?

The Marchesa accepted the flattery and pondered over the future. Her eyes softened.

"But if such a woman should fail?" she asked.

"She would not," said the Colonel firmly. The firm, strong, self-reliant touch was always his. No touch is more powerful with a woman.

The Marchesa was, in truth, ready to yield.

But a few words from the talk between de Cissy and Madame de Lussors reached her at that moment.

"There is going to be war," de Cissy was saying, with obvious conviction.

Madame de Lussors shuddered.

The Marchesa leaned forward.

"War?" she asked. "You speak of war—real war—not your mimic fighting, but suffering, misery, and—for some—death?"

She had seen it in Italy. This mention of war came to her now over the flowers of her dinner-table, and broke in harshly upon pleasant thoughts.

In that moment, when she was yielding to what she desired and allowing certain doubts and misgivings to be drugged, she remembered that this Captain of Engineers who loved her was a keen, clever soldier.

"Yes, Marchesa," he said, "there will be war—and soon."

The Colonel, who was ill-pleased with this interruption, was compelled now to discuss a rumour which he had been at pains to discredit earlier in the evening.

"Our friend de Cissy," he said, looking down with tolerance from his superior position, "suffers from an incurable malady. He is by nature a pessimist."

The Captain smiled.

"No one can wish to be a pessimist," said the Marchesa.

"But sometimes," said de Cissy, with acid bitterness, "one is forced to be."

He had been listening to the Colonel. Now, after carefully weighing the consequences, he was going to put an end to the rivalry.

"There is one good reason for knowing that there is going to be war," he said. "At headquarters there is corruption. It has been

[Continued overleaf]

ALP! ALP!



THINGS AT A PRETTY PASS: A MOUNTAIN "CLIMBING" TRAGEDY.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

extensively copied, and France is unprepared for war. They know this in Berlin. To-day's rumour has its root in truth."

"And even if war does come, what have we to fear?" the Colonel demanded. "We swept the Austrians before us in Italy. Remember Solferino. There would be another Solferino with those slow-moving Prussians. May the day come!"

The Colonel raised his glass. He, for his part, drank to that day.

The Marchesa's eyes shone.

"Another Solferino!" she exclaimed. "I remember the battle. The Emperor swept the Austrians before him and freed Italy. On that day you, Colonel, were first among the brave. Another Solferino!"

But this time the Colonel was not to carry the situation.

"Who knows?" asked de Cissy. His lip curled. His eyes were fixed on the Colonel's face. The question came like a cold, dark shadow upon the glow of enthusiasm.

The Captain took a nut and cracked it deliberately, crushing shell and kernel.

"Who knows?" he asked. "If to-morrow this town of St. Denis were put to the test of war it would be crushed—as this nut is crushed now!"

"St. Denis, Captain," said the Colonel, "is my command."

"That," returned de Cissy, "is why it would be crushed."

Upon the silence of shocked amazement which de Cissy's words produced a little hysterical laugh from Mme. de Lussors jarred unpleasantly. The Marchesa's companion was a good, but weak and foolish woman, who now made an impossible endeavour to ward off a tragedy with a joke.

The Marchesa's first impulse was one of excusable anger.

"My table, Captain de Cissy," she said, "is not a fit place to choose to insult a comrade."

"I am only sorry for the necessity," said de Cissy coldly.

The Colonel rose.

"We will settle this," he said, "elsewhere, Marchesa, not at your table."

He knew, at least, how to meet the insult with dignity.

The two men were indeed in striking contrast to each other. The Colonel stood there a fine figure of a man, dignified in his forbearance; the Captain small, bullet-headed, and, in stature if not in ability, insignificant, seemed to be throwing in his Colonel's teeth a gratuitous insult, for which he would doubtless ultimately pay the utmost penalty.

"No," said de Cissy, with ominous calm, "let us settle it now."

With a steady hand he took up a second nut and crushed it. Thus, without speaking, he repeated the insult.

Clearly it was for the Colonel to speak or to act. But he neither spoke nor moved, and de Cissy looked up and smiled.

"Why don't you prove my assertion wrong, Colonel de Beaufair?" he asked.

"Nay," interposed the Marchesa quickly, "it is for you to say why St. Denis would be crushed."

"Besides being a fortress town, here on the frontier it would be besieged, and the granary is full of sacks of sand!"

This time the Marchesa laughed as well as Madame de Lussors. The Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"How absurd!" cried the Marchesa.

"I should say rather," said de Cissy, "how disgraceful to the officer who commands St. Denis."

"Surely, Colonel, this is a lie?" the Marchesa asked, her anger against de Cissy now hardly controlled.

"A foolish lie," replied the Colonel promptly.

"Yet on that foolish lie," said de Cissy, "I take my stand."

Already in her thoughts, but, mercifully for her, in her thoughts only, the Marchesa had decided between the two men. She had that night chosen as most women would have chosen. But, remembering that de Cissy was an unusually clever officer, at the last moment an impulse of caution came to her.

Madame de Lussors was wearing a small gold crucifix. The Marchesa asked for it. When it was detached from its chain she took it and held it out to the Colonel.

"I wish to be quite sure," she said, and her eyes showed him her reason. "Swear that it is a lie. Swear on this!"

The Colonel rose to the emotion of the moment. Perhaps it was his only chance. De Cissy waited. What seemed to the Marchesa heroic seemed to him theatrical. He waited for the excuse. It did not come. Truly Colonel de Beaufair was superb! For, without hesitation, he raised the crucifix to his lips and kissed it.

As he did so de Cissy stared at him in amazement.

"Thank you," said the Marchesa softly.

"What," asked de Cissy, "has this proved?"

Once again caution came to the woman whose happiness rested now in the balance.

"I have now no doubt, Colonel," she said. "But you shall take me to the granary. It is a perfect June night. My carriage can be ready almost at once. Captain de Cissy must meet us there."

Colonel de Beaufair bowed.

"In the meantime," the Marchesa added, "there is enough light for me to show you my roses."

"The granary will prove the truth," said de Cissy. "You will be wise, Marchesa, to wait."

He said nothing more, but, bowing to Madame de Lussors, walked away.

As they were driven to the granary, Colonel de Beaufair played his last cards. He knew what the granary contained. But with his magnificent pride he still hoped to win. He thought more lightly of corruption than others who read his story may deem possible. The Second Empire had trained him well.

So, as they were driven through the dusk of that June night, he still pressed his advantage home. He did not mention the accusation against him. He wished the Marchesa to forget it; he wished her also to think that he attached no importance to it. He talked of Solferino, of the part he had played in the liberation of Italy, of Italian nights of which that night reminded him. And as they passed a church and saw signs of preparation for the great festival of the morrow, he spoke as if the Eve of Corpus Christi would always have a meaning for him. She also was well pleased that it should have that meaning, and though she did not say so, she let him see that she understood. Assuredly, he reflected, he would be able to put a good face upon such discovery as might be made at the granary. In some places, at any rate, there was corn and flour. Thus, in magnificent folly, Colonel de Beaufair went to his exposure, his mind drugged by his satisfaction at the conquest he had made over the beautiful woman at his side.

And, on her side, the Marchesa blamed herself for her caution, and wished that the visit to the granary were over.

The visit to the granary was over, and even the Marchesa could see the truth.

"I have known for weeks, guessed for months," said de Cissy coldly.

The knowledge placed the Colonel in his hands, for neither denial nor excuse was possible, save for a few useless hours or days, once the knowledge was made public. The granary stood ready silently to condemn the man responsible for it, the man who had filled his purse and betrayed his trust. From the moment de Cissy knew, Colonel de Beaufair was at his mercy.

"Marchesa," said de Cissy, "I wish you to know what this means. Out there war is brewing. You, who are an Italian, know what war is. At this moment St. Denis is useless for the purpose for which it would be needed. While Colonel de Beaufair has been paying his court to you he has been betraying his country. Choose between us."

"The Marchesa has already chosen," said de Beaufair, superbly self-confident even to the end. His flight was already planned, had been planned all along, and he believed the Marchesa would share it with him. And indeed it almost seemed as if she would.

For, in truth, as she stood beside him that night in the quiet granary, she both admired him and pitied him. She belonged to those women who worship a man's strength. And Colonel de Beaufair had seemed to her so strong—strong to command, strong in physical perfection, strong in reckless bravery, strong in superb self-confidence. She saw him now revealed, but she still clung not to what he was, but to what, an hour before, he had been. She would have shared his flight, but for one reason,

That reason can be seen readily. That night she was in the presence of a stronger man.

For though at that moment of choice de Cissy was almost repellent to her, she felt his different and greater strength. Small, bullet-headed, and physically insignificant, he yet possessed a brain which made him the stronger man. Unlike the Colonel, he saw clearly, with a remorseless honesty of vision and purpose. No one could blame him for acting as he had done. He had saved St. Denis, perhaps, and he had opened her eyes. He was not the man to dazzle a crowd, but he was never likely to be drunk with his own magnificence.

That night she had set herself to choose between the two men; she had brought the rivalry to a climax. She must choose. She forced herself to think clearly.

But, as she went and put her hand in de Cissy's, it was cold and trembling. With all her power she called up her good sense to aid her. It saved her that night from wrecking her life.

A few days afterwards Colonel de Beaufair was in England. He never set foot on the soil of France again.

At first he lived in Bayswater, but afterwards he moved to Dover, whence, on fine days, he could at least see France.

At Dover he became well known—a prominent and commanding figure to the end. He dined frequently at the leading hotels, and walked constantly on the sea-front. Women always noticed him. But their husbands and brothers generally asked the same question—

"What is he doing in England?"

It is needless, perhaps, to add that St. Denis, with a replenished granary, played an honourable part in the war when it came, some two months after Colonel de Beaufair's flight, though it did not escape the ignominy of becoming German.

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

A FOREIGN language has never so prevailed at a royal gathering since the days of Teutonic race-meetings as French prevailed last week in the King's party at Ascot. The King made a point of providing for each of his French guests a companion who could do much more than uncomfortably conduct a lesson-book French conversation. In the royal procession Mrs. Standish, who is a daughter of the Comte de Lars, sat opposite Mlle. de Montesquieu, a lady who can boast for an ancestor d'Artagnan, one of the Three Musketeers. Mr. Hugh O'Beirne, having served on delicate diplomatic commissions in Paris, did not find M. Détaille a terrifying companion; and as he gained his C.V.O. on the occasion of the King's visit to the Tsar in 1908, it is not improbable that he may again be of service in the near future. Lord Crewe and Princess Murat had no difficulty in either language; and the Prince, who is an accomplished sportsman and married a Ney, was very much at home.

"Battles Long Ago."

King Edward has old associations with M. Edouard Détaille. Though a veteran and official kind of artist now, Détaille was a painter much in the movement when his Majesty was younger as a lover of Paris. "The movement" in the days of Détaille's popularity was a rush of military pictures. The war with Prussia was still recent, every artist had served under the forts of Paris, and the pathos of the vanquished furnished heart-breaking subjects to the popular emotion, while the technique that conveyed them was dashing, and the drawing especially admirable. Meissonier loved old uniforms, but De Neuville and Détaille painted those that were then bloodstained from

experimenter with a model farm, Lord Onslow has had varied opportunities of forming opinions on land and land values. It was during his Governorship of New Zealand that his second son was born, and, out of compliment to the Maoris, baptised Huia. Lord Carrington paid a similar compliment when he gave his daughter, Viscount Bury's brilliant bride, the name of Myee. The Maoris have a way of gaining the respect and affection of Englishmen, but to know all their merits without going to New Zealand it is necessary to have half-an-hour's talk with Sir Joseph Ward. He is their champion.

Festina Lente.

Lord Onslow's haste in selling land on the strength of a Budget which cannot be suspected of imposing taxes for all time may or may not prove to be a wise course. But, at any rate, haste is quite against the spirit of the family motto, or of the punning translation that has been made even by the gravest and greyest genealogists. The ancestor who earned for himself the name of "Tom Tandem" was certainly not true "On Slow," and the present Earl if he sellstoo hastily may also be proving himself deaf, in one ear at least, to the epigram of his house.

Jack and Gillett.

That Jack and Gill may come together, Mr. William Gillett works hard at the Bachelors' Club. Indeed, it has been questioned whether one so interested in the welfare of the establishment at the corner of Piccadilly and Hamilton Place should do so much to send his bachelors into the arms of marriageable maidens. This he literally does at those cold-blooded conspiracies, called parties, where one may meet "those giving balls and dances during the season." On Friday another of these functions will simplify the task of providing a sufficient number of partners

THE WIFE AND CHILD OF THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF OLYMPIA: MRS. F. H. PAYNE AND MISS PAYNE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

for July dances. In the meanwhile Mr. Gillett, who has been, among many other things, a keen sportsman, was prominent in and about the Bachelors' Club marquee at Ascot.

Motoriety. The motor-car which Lord Darnley has handed over to the Bishop of Rochester adds another to the many motorious prelates of the day. To nobody more than to a wearer of the mitre does the motor come as a boon and a blessing. It is so useful to one Bishop in his diocesan visitations that he is commonly known to refer to it as "my suffragan." Even the austere Archbishop of Westminster has his Daimler, and the Pope himself now dashes round the Vatican gardens in the car given him by an American devotee of cars and of Cardinals.



A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN: MRS. PERCY HICKS, WIFE OF CAPTAIN PERCY HICKS.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

yesterday's battles. There was, moreover, the dust and despair of actual experience, and the dreadful incidents of war in the streets of villages and suburbs. But tragic as were the pictures, the painter was young, handsome, elegant (the French are not afraid of calling a man elegant), and a great favourite of that society which so quickly re-formed itself after the crash of 1870.

Maoris. When Lord Onslow says that he must sell some more of his thirteen thousand acres because they have become the most unprofitable of luxuries, he would seem to be discouraging rather than encouraging the investment of money in landed property. The prospective buyer, we must presume, has no trust in his Lordship's calculations. And yet they are difficult to disbelieve. At the Colonial Office, on the Board of Trade, as President of the Board of Agriculture, as an



FINE FEATHERS FOR A QUEEN'S CHILD: AN ELABORATE BONNET FOR THE BABY PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS.



THE WIFE AND CHILD OF THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF OLYMPIA: MRS. F. H. PAYNE AND MISS PAYNE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



THE FIRST RAILWAY JOURNEY OF THE "HOPE OF HOLLAND": THE LITTLE PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS ON HER WAY TO THE PALACE OF HET LOO.

Photograph supplied by D. R. Reitsma.

KEY-NOTES

Elgar in Excelsis. It would surely be very hard to find any serious modern composition by an Englishman that has received within the first year of its publication one half of the attention that has been given to Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony. One distinguished conductor after another has given us his reading of a work that is not remarkable for complexity, and it may be that some of those who regard the composition as Elgar's finest achievement would be pleased to see it retired from the active list, for a little while at least. Last week the Symphony figured upon the programme of the London Symphony Orchestra at the last concert of the season, which was directed by Nikisch. The work is now so familiar that it was possible to appreciate to the fullest extent the exquisite quality of the interpretation. There seems to be no string section in any orchestra that has quite the same quality as that of the London Symphony players, and though the other sections may be rivalled they are not excelled. It is needless to say that the conductor contrived to demonstrate the contrast between the movements without losing sight for one moment of the unity of the composition. Perhaps the hypercritical would say that Nikisch suggested more striking contrasts than the score provides. Surely no work could desire better fortune than to receive interpretation at the hands of our best symphony orchestras under the direction of men like Richter, Nikisch, Henry Wood, and Landon Ronald. At last week's concert the one other important item on the programme was Tchaïkovsky's Fifth Symphony, a work that owes not a little of its popularity to Nikisch, who was one of the first to accept it as a masterpiece. It is a monumental work, this Tchaïkovsky Symphony, with certain fantastic moments for which it is not easy to say whether composer or conductor is fully responsible. Certainly Nikisch gives the most individual reading we have ever heard, and if for individual the word sensational were substituted, it might be possible to justify the change.

Gerhardt at Queen's Hall. It was an excellent idea to give a Gerhardt-Nikisch recital at popular prices in the Queen's Hall, and the large attendance justified the undertaking. When Mme. Gerhardt sings and Nikisch is at the piano, attainment seems to reach its highest level. Singer and accompanist are one in presenting as vivid an interpretation of poet and composer's work as it is possible to desire. There are just a few singers before the public to-day who can reach to the heights

her mezza voce is beautiful beyond description, and she seems to give the perfect rendering to the most varied types of song. Marcello, Gluck, and Schubert were represented in the first part of the programme, the singer's interpretation of the "Erlking" being one of the most beautiful we have ever heard. Brahms occupied the second part of the programme, and while every song was finely sung, it was found impossible to resist the demand for an encore for "Vergeblches Ständchen" and "Der Schmied." The last part—given to Strauss, Hugo Wolff, Bungert, Tours, Henschel, and Tosti—suggested that the singer's deepest sympathy is not associated with English songs; but the suggestion may be misleading, for the programme, in addition to being "popular," was of very considerable length, and it must have been well-nigh impossible to avoid fatigue. The concert was a very great success indeed, but those of us who admire the extreme delicacy of the singer's work may be justified in feeling that we would prefer to see it painted on a smaller canvas than that of the Queen's Hall, in which the strain upon the artist becomes fully apparent towards the close of the work.



A REAL INDIAN IN AN OPERA: MISS CARLISLE GREENBRIER AS PRISCILLA, THE FAIREST MAIDEN IN PLYMOUTH.

Miss Greenbrier is here shown singing the Spinning Song. Among the parts she has played is Marguerite in "Faust."

of the music-hall. competent without enthusiasm. If the authorities are bent on giving us ballet, which would be a delightful addition to some of the shorter operas, it is to be hoped that they will take their courage in both hands and do the right thing. There is a rumour that Mlle. Adeline Genée is to appear at the Empire very shortly in the famous operatic ballet from "Roberto il Diabolo." Surely a fine work like that should have succeeded in getting a little nearer to Covent Garden than Leicester Square. Too late for extended notice

Ballet at Covent Garden.

Some three years ago the directors of Covent Garden tried to restore the forgotten glory of the ballet, and Mlle. Boni appeared as prima ballerina in Messager's work, "Les Deux Pigeons." A certain amount of interest was taken in the new venture; in fact, several old gentlemen of the writer's acquaintance were heard to declare that Grand Opera was going to take a fresh lease of life. Clearly the experiment is going to be revived, though we do not think that Mme. Preobrazhenska and M. Kyasht are destined to make ballet alarmingly popular at Covent Garden. The old conventional figurations will no longer serve if they are divorced from a passably intelligent story, and detached dances savour

The prima ballerina and her supporter are distinction, and interest us without raising



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S ORCHESTRA: HIS GRACE'S PERMANENT ORCHESTRA, WHICH IS NOW APPEARING AT THE WHITE CITY.

The Duke of Devonshire's Eastbourne Orchestra, which plays all the year round at the Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, is appearing at the White City this month. It is a permanent orchestra of nearly fifty musicians.—[Photograph by Lavis.]

of a certain form of expression, some form they have made their own, but it may be doubted whether anyone save Elena Gerhardt can cover so much ground with such supreme interpretative achievement. She has taken all singing to be her province. It is not that her voice is always beyond criticism; there are moments when the upper register reveals a quality dangerously akin to harshness, but

here, Charpentier's "Louise" has been produced, and one waits with anxiety to see whether this charming opera, in which delightful music and striking dramatic situations are united, will succeed in holding the London public. With a cast that includes M. Dalmore as Julien, M. Gilibert as the father of Louise, and Mme. Edvina as Louise, the opera has a fine chance.

COMMON CHORD.

THE MAN ON THE CAR

The Progress of the Motor Union.

In the coming month the Motor Union is to make something like a triumphal progress through the country for its summer tour. This tour is concerned with the session of the Ligue des Associations Touristes and the thirteenth provincial meeting of the Union. There will be three days' business-cum-junketing in town, whereafter the Union, its guests, and friends will set them out by road and rail for Oxford for July 10 and 11, thence to Warwick and Leamington on the 12th, Stratford-on-Avon and Cheltenham on the 13th. The fourth day, July 14, will be devoted to a circular tour of the beautiful Wye Valley, including visits to Tintern Abbey, Symonds Gat, and Ross, continuing to Swansea. At Swansea a stay of four days will be made, and this will include visits to celebrated works, garden-parties, speed-tests at Pendine Sands (this on July 16), a tour of Gower Castle, and a visit to Tenby, with, for those who like it, a return to London by road. Quite a delightful and ambitious programme, which should greatly add to the popularity of the Motor Union, and bring many of its members into closer touch with each other.

Ten-Mile Limits too Easily Granted. From evi- dences ap- parent when

driving up and down the country, it is painfully clear that the Local Government Board inspectors are becoming altogether too generous with their awards for ten-miles-per-hour speed-limits. In the first place, in all but the most exceptional places, the reduction of the speed of a motor-car to ten miles per hour is ludicrous, for in the actual confines of the limit, all other traffic, from a costermonger's barrow upwards, passes a motor-car, which is far and away the most controllable vehicle on the road. The fact of the matter is that neither the applicants for the limit nor the inspector realise what ten miles per hour is really like; and if only the local officials and the L.G.B. man were driven over the stretch in a car at that speed they would at once recognise the fatuity of the suggestion. In Kingston-on-Thames, for instance, where a ten-mile limit obtains for a considerable distance, the lumbering, uncontrollable trams seldom fall below fifteen miles per hour.

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Non-Skid Surfaces

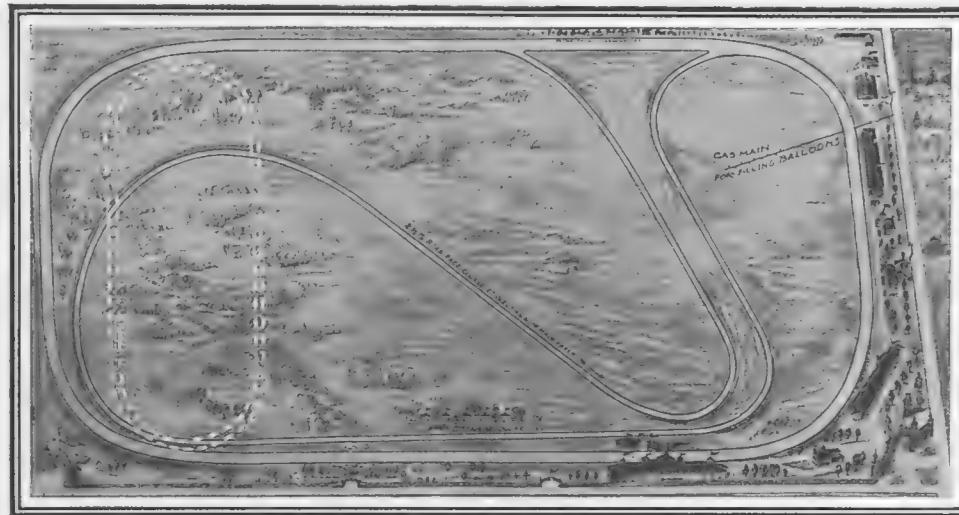
Rather than Non-Skid Tyres!

Better far than the fitting of non-skid tyres would be the installation of non-skid surfaces, which, in towns at least, could be laid down at something round about the price of wood-paving. A road-surfacing which appears to fill this desideratum is Cork-Asphalt, a non-absorbent paving made of bitumen and certain other materials, including cork. It is durable and elastic, hygienic, noiseless, and non-slipping—practically an ideal pavement for motor traffic, which in Greater London grows more voluminous every day. I understand that, in position, Cork-Asphalt costs about one shilling per square yard more than wood, while it lasts about three times as long; and, being formed in blocks under hydraulic pressure, it is uniform in constitution, and so wears equally over its whole surface.

Motorists and cyclists, who are painfully acquainted with the unpleasant effect of the pot-holing of wood pavement, would therefore welcome Cork-Asphalt. It is, moreover, claimed as a perfect flooring for motor garages.

Skidcreme and Information for Non-Skids. Instruction and information and to spare has been accorded us for the care and treatment of the rubber treads of our pneumatic tyres,

but we have been fain to watch the decay and disintegration of our leather non-skids without knowledge or substance wherewith to treat them. But now comes the ever-helpful "Bibendum," which is Michelin, who, foreseeing everything, has popped up with a dressing called "Skidcreme," which will, he assures us, ensure not only long life, but suppleness to the leather band in which the steel studs are set. "Skidcreme" must not, however, be applied directly to the rubber of the tyre, although when applied to the leather it will eventually permeate it and reach the rubber, when, however, it cannot possibly harm it in any way. It is easily applied. After washing and drying the tyre thoroughly, the paste should be smeared over the leather only with the brush supplied. It should then be thoroughly absorbed before the tyres are used again. At first it should be applied once a week until the leather is quite impregnated, after which occasional applications only are necessary.



THE AMERICAN BROOKLANDS: THE GREAT MOTOR SPEEDWAY IN INDIANAPOLIS COMPARED WITH THE REGULATION ONE-MILE HORSE-TRACK.

That some idea of the great motor Speedway of Indianapolis may be gained there is shown on this plan (drawn in dotted lines to scale) an ordinary one-mile horse-racing track. It will be seen that this track fits in lengthwise across one corner of the motor-track.



THE FIRST MOTOR-CARS TO INSPECT THE TRACK.



A 12-TON ROLLER AT WORK ON THE 12-FOOT BANK.

THE BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN BROOKLANDS: THE INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

"The Speedway Park has an area of 328 acres. There will be forty-one buildings, including grand stands, garages, aerodromes, club houses, machine-shops, oil-houses, refreshment and office buildings. The total cost of the Speedway will exceed \$350,000 dollars. The circumference of the outer track and road-course will be five miles. The track will be of gravel surface, using 300,000 gallons of asphalt oil. Over three miles of fence enclose the grounds. Four miles of six-inch gas-main have been laid to connect the Speedway with the Indianapolis Gas Company for inflating balloons and dirigibles. Nine miles of gas-pipe will be used for the lighting plant for illuminating the grounds for twenty-four-hour contests. Three thousand hitching-places will be provided for horses. The grand stand and box seats will accommodate 25,000. The remarkable number of ten thousand automobiles can be parked on the grounds. An electric timing and score-board will be erected at a cost of over 10,000 dollars. One mile and a half of siding has been built to accommodate sleeping and dining cars of the Pullman Company, so as to accommodate those who come in private cars and the automobile touring public. The entire grounds will hold 200,000."

[Continued on a later page.]

Futures.

Now that Ascot is over, we shall not see a big Society gathering until the Sandown Park Eclipse Meeting, which takes place on July 16 and 17. There will be a big attendance at Esher on both days, and the racing will be first class. Racing at Goodwood opens on July 27. The chief event on the opening day will be the Stewards' Cup, for which several animals have been already talked about. If Little Flutter gets in with a fair weight I think he will go close, as he is one of the fastest horses in England at six furlongs. The August Bank Holiday Meeting at Sandown Park will attract the usual big crowd if the weather is favourable. After that we shall have to wait for Doncaster before seeing the millions on the course. Doncaster opens on Sept. 7. It is expected that his Majesty the King will be present to see Minoru run for the St. Leger, and if the colt wins, the Yorkshire roar will be heard at its best. The Newbury Autumn Meeting on Sept. 24 and 25 will be a big draw. After that things will be quiet until the Newmarket Second October Meeting, which opens on Oct. 12, when it is safe to predict a big gathering to see the Cesarewitch run for on the 13th. A fortnight later the Cambridgeshire will be decided at the Houghton Meeting, and this will be a great attraction. The Derby Autumn Meeting, which opens on Nov. 17, will be a great draw, as will the Manchester November Meeting on Nov. 25 and two following days.

Enterprise.

It will be some weeks before the entries for the Autumn Handicaps are published, yet the Continental list men are already out with offers on both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. For the long race the favourites are Don Juan—Fair Play II., Glacis, Hammerkop, Pure Gem, Santo Strato, Siberia, and White Eagle—truly a formidable lot. The mention of Don Juan—who, by-the-by, is owned and trained by Hallick—reminds one that a horse of that name won the race in 1883. The horse was owned by Mr. G. Lambert, who, in his early days, acted as coachman to the celebrated singer, Jenny Lind. He died very wealthy, and it was said at the time that the victory of Don Juan helped to enrich many of the professional backers. The horse was ridden to victory by E. Martin, then a tiny boy, who rode at 5 st. 10 lb. He was

asked after the race what he would choose as a present, and he said "A big pocket-knife." He was given the knife and a fat cheque into the bargain. But to the Cambridgeshire. The following horses are favourites: Alspice II., Bracelet, Cocksure II., Fair Play II., Land League, Llangwm, Monitor, Succour, and

Wheatear. If Llangwm were in his last year's form, it would be almost impossible to weight him out of the race; but he has been under a cloud, and in any case, if fit, he would be more likely to compete for the many valuable weight-for-age races for which he has been engaged. Cocksure II. is almost certain to win a big handicap this year.

Badges.

it the more do I be-

come convinced that the badge system as adopted at Ascot should become general at all the Park meetings. The expense of the badges worn would be trifling compared to the convenience to the general public, and we should get rid, once for all, of the bother of taking and showing tickets all day long. Members are granted the privilege of not being troubled by gatekeepers; then why not concede the same to frequenters of Tattersall's ring, who, by-the-by, pay much more dearly for their ring than club people? The plan could be easily worked by printing cards of different colours for each ring and the paddock, and by the means of a safe tag they could be worn by all. Under the existing conditions a deal of precious time is wasted in getting in and out of the rings by people having either to take or to give up their tickets. This could be got rid of if my suggestion were adopted. Further, the risk of losing one's pass would be reduced to a minimum. The time has come for racecourse officials to study carefully the wants of their patrons, and to cater for those wants without any hesitation. Anything that would save time or trouble to backers should be adopted right off, or the racegoing public will sooner or later inquire why some of the club courses earn such large dividends. I am very glad to hear that many of the racecourses round London will have improved cheap rings in

the near future, and it is only necessary to point to the five-shilling enclosure at Ascot to show what could be done by a little enterprise.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

Ascot. As usual, the most fashionable race-meeting of the year attracted a gay and perfectly dressed crowd to Ascot, and the exquisite costumes of the ladies made a brilliant scene. Their Majesties

the King and Queen twice drove in semi-state from Windsor, while on Wednesday also his Majesty came over in a motor, each day receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the crowds of spectators. On Thursday his Derby winner, Minoru, again ridden by Herbert Jones, won the St. James's Palace Stakes.



OPEN GOLF CHAMPION FOR THE FOURTH TIME,
OPEN CHAMPION OF FRANCE FOR THE SECOND
TIME. J. H. TAYLOR DRIVING, SHOWING THE
REMARKABLE BEND OF THE CLUB.

This photograph was taken in the two-thousandth part of a second. J. H. Taylor not only became Open Golf Champion for the fourth time the other day, but on Wednesday last won his second consecutive victory in the French Open Championship, beating, amongst others, James Braid, H. Vardon, C. H. Mayo, and C. Johns.

Photograph by A. Ullgett.



FRIENDLY RIVALRY: A DEER AND A DOG FEEDING OUT OF THE SAME DISH.

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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Wickedness of Being Slim. A writer who knows how to hit out straight is Mr. William Platt, and he has recently been declaiming against the modern woman's slim and unmatronly figure. This attenuated ideal—which especially appeals to the modern man, by-the-bye—he considers a dangerous and alarming sign of degeneracy. "Turn from the vigorous, well-built women of the great Italian pictures and gaze on a woman as drawn by a modern decadent, with her slim figure and her drowsy eyes. Therein is a deep tale told." Yet surely a girl may be slender without imminent danger to the race; while a svelte and lively grandmother is a more agreeable object to look upon than the shapeless lumps in capes and shawls who haunted the drawing-rooms of even twenty years ago. Mr. Platt does not seem to know that the woman of thirty to fifty to-day keeps her slender proportions by rigorous abstinence, physical exercises, and untiring hygiene. And the point is, not so much whether the mother is stout or slim,

*[Copyright.]***A MUCH-TUCKED BLOUSE, WITH REAL LACE.**

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

as whether her children are as healthy and as strong as those her mother and grandmother produced? It seems to most of us that the English child grows more beautiful and better-proportioned every year, and that the offspring of these ladies with the elusive silhouette are the most promising asset in our Island Empire.

How to Write a Novel. It is a parlous state of affairs when the head of a great publishing firm gravely tells the budding author to dictate to a "lady-typist"

(I leave the expression in all its pristine suburbanism), and, by the expression of that young person's countenance, to gauge the ultimate success or failure of his literary output. One would hardly have guessed that a writer would, of malice aforethought, set out only to please the middle-class girl. The publishing expert, however, adjures his author to watch the expression of his typist with meticulous care, for if it does not change with the progress of his story, he may argue that the book, however full of wit and wisdom, "will not sell three hundred copies at the most." If, on the contrary, this Symbolic Young Person betrays emotion or agitation, and, above all, "forgets her shorthand in the crisis of the last chapter," the astute novelist may reasonably expect a handsome remuneration on "at least 10,000 copies." To please the lady-typist then, your author must squeeze his brains, give of his most cherished spiritual adventures, in short, denude himself of the last veil which hides his personality—to secure the suffrage of some thousands of young persons who reside on Haverstock Hill or in Twickenham. 'Tis a humiliating trade, and a self-respecting young man had better dig or delve, or drive a taxi-cab.

Who Buys Books? It has always been something of a mystery who buys the books which are printed in such incalculable hundreds of thousands every year. Authors are notorious for never purchasing any printed volume, unless it is an old one, and for never returning those which they have borrowed from guileless friends. Your City man, your soldier, sailor, and candlestick maker, seldom form libraries; while women, as a rule, will go any length in acquiring new literary productions except the extreme one of paying honest coin over a counter. Do novelists and poets

amicably peruse each other's works? Certainly not. Do historians love each other to the point of adding their rivals' books to their shelves? Is the spectacle ever seen of distinguished scientists or notable explorers hurrying forth to Oxford Street to buy the newest volumes on their respective subjects? So far as personal experience goes, I have found that only Alpine climbers willingly purchase, and greedily devour, each other's records of prowess on the peaks. But this, it will be conceded, is a very limited class. The real book-buyers, we are told by Mr. Oscar Browning, are the intelligent artisans of Birmingham; and it is in the great beehive cities like the capital of the Midlands that popular classics are sold by the million. London, of course, is too busy making history and romance itself to prove a good field for the writers thereof.

Woman and her Cheques. Woman, it seems, according to the Public Trustee, has singularly airy ideas about her banking-account and its capabilities. This official has even come across a mature lady who did not know how to write a cheque. This failure to comprehend business is essentially English, and particularly middle-class. The typical John Bull—if there is such a being—prides himself on not allowing his wife any knowledge of affairs, so that, when he dies, she is confronted with a sea of complications which she does not know how to navigate, or else two unfortunate trustees are tacked on to the helpless ship in the guise of pilots and told to steer it into the port of safety. Yet the situation, if absurd, is illogical, for you cannot reasonably insist on your wife and daughter having at once the innocence of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent. Women in England should be allowed some knowledge of family business, or they should not be blamed when things go wrong. Imagine a Frenchwoman who did not understand affairs every whit as well as her husband, and generally a good deal better! Fortunately, there are signs that the woman absolutely ignorant of banking will soon be regarded as a curious survival of mid-Victorian ideals. Many husbands complain that their young and lively wives have an

*[Copyright.]***A CHARMING DRESS FOR HOUSE-PARTY DINNERS.**

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

only too fatal facility for writing cheques, while those of us who sit on club and other committees are amazed at the pertinent questions put by the younger members when any business involving money comes before them. I am pleased to be able to say that it takes masculine experts to cope with these spirited and businesslike young persons.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Society's Change of Scene.

Will last week's change of scene restore or create the needed tone in the social doings of this season? Sure it is that it was a highly successful Royal Ascot. Dress was delightful, possibly from no point of view more than that of the colour-lover. If any one hue could be said to be in the ascendant it was blue—one that is at its very best in verdant surroundings. The sheath-frock reached its zenith last year at Ascot, when one wearer was unable to sit down to lunch, and another found herself incapable of negotiating the steps up to her seat in the stand. This time the tunic was the thing of fashion. It was Grecian, draped in long folds from shoulder to hem; mediæval, arranged with an absence of drapery, tabard-wise; Oriental, tightly clinging round the hips from the back, with a long end down in front; Egyptian, severe and clinging as one of the Directoire skin-fits almost, and heavily embroidered at the hem. The hats beggar description; but, whether they were taken collectively or individually, they were the great feature of dress at Ascot. Sunshades tended to ornament more as regarded their handles than their domes, which were, as a rule, of plain or chené silk.

The Fête of the Year.

for, so far, we have had to be content with days of small things, and those often marred by inclement weather. The Midsummer Fair and Fête is going to be Midsummer, whether the weather will or won't! Beautiful ladies selling at the stalls plumped for modern dress, save those at the Souvenir Kiosk and those in the Garden Theatre. The surroundings were Louis Quinze, thoroughly and beautifully of that pretty time, and the modern sellers and purchasers were the contrast. The Souvenir is quite the most charming I have seen. Reproductions in it of rare old French prints in the possession of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild make it well worth possessing, and 2s. 6d. is such a sensible price to ask. Even in the sacred cause of charity, to be asked to pay 10s. 6d. for the privilege of carrying about a pretentious catalogue raises one's gorge! The fete and the play and the visit of the Queen and other members of the royal family make the daytime event of the week, and should profit well the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

House-Party Clothes.

A dinner-dress for use at house-parties is illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of black net over white, and is wrought with jet. It is not a garment that can be dated, and can be worn with different flowers and ornaments, making a change without taxing the capacities of trunks or the wardrobe accommodation of temporarily occupied houses. On the same page is a drawing of a blouse, much tucked, and made with real lace, useful in the same way.

This week's Court brings State receptions to an

end for this year. Whether the Princess Royal's daughter will be in the royal circle is a question that possibly her young Highness could not answer until nearer the time. The Princess Royal will go if her girl does, and is not always equal to so much of a strain. Moreover, she herself has never attended a Court, and her elder daughter made her débüt in Society at Lady Farquhar's Derby-night ball without having done so. Therefore, her Royal Highness, who dislikes Court ceremony, may dispense with this one. The Marchioness of Salisbury will present her daughter, Lady Beatrice Cecil, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne her daughter-in-law, Lady Charles Fitzmaurice.

Lady Beatrice Pretyman is more than a racing hostess, for of late she has taken her place among the keenest and most successful of our younger politicians' wives. Like her husband, she is an authority on Tariff Reform and national finance; and, by a happy coincidence, Captain Pretyman was returned for the Chelmsford

Division of Essex on his wife's birthday. Orwell Park, Lady Beatrice's beautiful home, sees the bringing together of many brilliant house-parties, especially during the partridge season. It is an interesting fact that Captain Pretyman is descended from the noted clergyman who was Pitt's tutor at Cambridge.

A charming wedding which will bring together many members of the Strathmore family takes place to-morrow. The bride is Miss Joan Bowes-Lyon, a granddaughter of the late Lord Strathmore, and the bridegroom is Mr. Alfred Ernest Parker, of the 10th Hussars, youngest son of the late Mr. A. T. Parker, of Beechwood, Aigburth, and Fairlie, Ayrshire.

One of the most agreeable and popular girls in the great world is Miss Lilah O'Brien, one of Lord Inchiquin's many pretty sisters. Like her three married sisters, Miss O'Brien is typically Irish, witty, pretty, and clever. She inherits beauty from her mother, who is a sister of Lord Annaly. Till the death of their father, the late peer, Lord Inchiquin's group of half-sisters lived at Dromoland Castle, a beautiful and picturesque place on the wild, rugged coast of County Clare.

What more delightful combination could be imagined than that of art and revelry? Merely to be an artist is to be someone out of the common, one who knows the æsthetic values of life: a mere reveller, too, is usually a genial person: but a reveller who is also an artist suggests the acme of exquisite gaiety, the union of grace and joy. These considerations were prompted by the Artists' Revel, held last Thursday night by the United Art Schools of London, at the Royal Botanic Gardens, in Regent's Park. The chief event of the occasion was the Grand Costume Ball in the club rooms and conservatories, where special floors had been laid. As might be expected, the fancy dresses were charming, and the dancers roaming among the rhododendrons in the illuminated gardens made a gay and brilliant

scene. The patronesses were Miss Elinor Fortescue Brickdale and Lady Frampton, while the patrons included Sir George Frampton and Messrs. Frank Brangwyn, George Clausen, J. J. Shannon, Byam Shaw, Solomon J. Solomon, and W. Hamo Thornycroft.

To the feminine mind the nearest approach to heaven is usually a sale at some famous shop. Such a foretaste of paradise can be obtained shortly at Peter Robinson's Oxford Street establishment, whose great summer sale begins on June 28. Articles of attire, as well as household linen, stationery, ornaments, and leather goods in every variety will there be obtainable at exceptional prices. Nor is the masculine customer left uncatered for. Suits for men and boys, all manner of hosiery, boots and shoes after their kind, and luggage of all descriptions are there to tempt the bewildered purchaser. Wherefore walk up, ladies and gentlemen, to Oxford Street on June 28, and thereafter till the end of July.

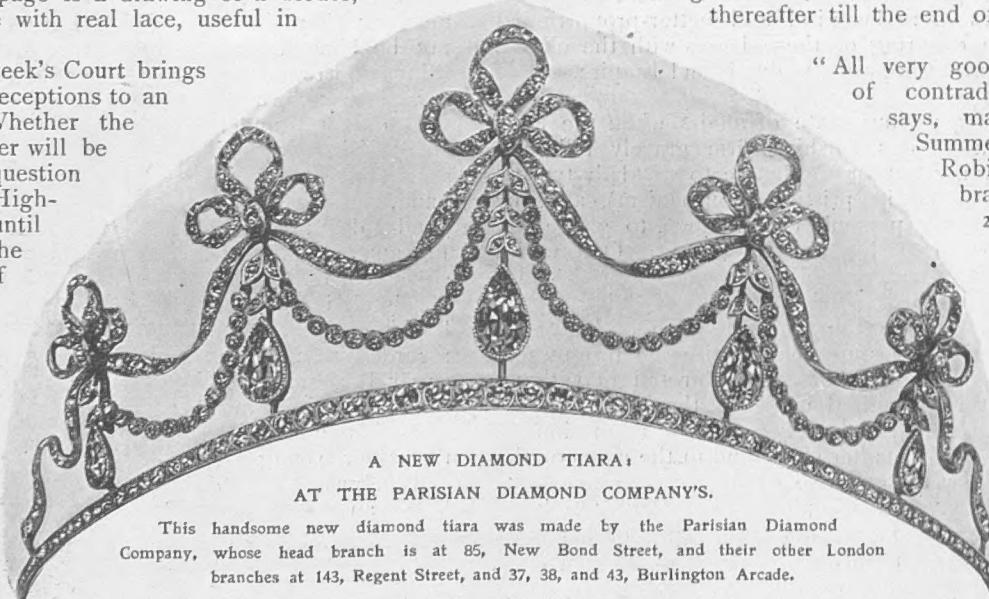
"All very goodly things, without fear of contradiction," as Shakespeare says, may be obtained at the Summer Sale at Messrs. Peter Robinson's Regent Street branch, being Nos. 252 to 264 of that world-renowned thoroughfare. The sale commences on June 28 and continues throughout July. It affords exceptional opportunities for purchasing at very low prices all that the heart of woman could desire in the way of fine raiment—gowns, frocks (what is the difference?), petticoats, cloaks and wraps, coats, stoles and boas, dress-materials, corsets, underclothing, children's clothes, blouses, hats and millinery, hosiery, and knick-knacks of every description.

It is announced by the New Palace Steamers that their full service of sailings (Friday, the 25th inst., excepted) to Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover commenced on Saturday last, on which day the *Koh-i-Noor* started her "Husband Boat" trips to Margate. The sailings have been arranged on exactly the same lines as last year. Provided the clerk of the weather is in a sunny mood, there is no pleasanter way of spending a day's holiday than this trip to the Kentish coast on the *Royal Sovereign* or *Koh-i-Noor*.



FOR THE BEST HERTFORDSHIRE FIRE BRIGADE: SHIELD PRESENTED FOR ANNUAL COMPETITION.

This shield has been presented to the fire brigades of Hertfordshire for annual competition by fifteen brigades of the county affiliated to the National Fire Brigade Union. It is the work of that famous firm, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158, Oxford Street, W.; 220, Regent Street, W.; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



A NEW DIAMOND TIARA:
AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

This handsome new diamond tiara was made by the Parisian Diamond Company, whose head branch is at 25, New Bond Street, and their other London branches at 143, Regent Street, and 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade.

dress-materials, corsets, underclothing, children's clothes, blouses, hats and millinery, hosiery, and knick-knacks of every description.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 12.

THE VALUE OF PAPER PROFITS.

FOR pessimists to start asking whether the slump in Kaffirs will mean trouble at the mid-June settlement seems, on the face of it, a trifle unkind. Sharp as the fall in prices has been, it succeeded to a rise of much more substantial proportions, and the differences which the bulls have received during the last few accounts will go a long way towards meeting the claims that are likely to be made on Friday for the settlement of differences. While it by no means stands to reason that those who took the profits have retained their shares, and are therefore responsible for the losses, it is no doubt the case that a goodly proportion of the latter will fall upon the shoulders of those who bought the shares at prices probably lower than those now current. There has, of course, been a good recovery already, and operators should be financially strong enough to meet their obligations.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Compartment was in chastened mood. It had talked little, and then mostly in monosyllables. Therefore it is true to say the atmosphere grew very dreary, if not actually depressed.

All at once The Jobber chuckled.

Relief dawned upon the faces of the others in the company, and—

"Couldn't help it," said the iconoclast. "I was thinking what happened the other night in the street."

"Some brilliant witticism by a jovial jobber?" queried The City Editor.

Again The Jobber chuckled.

"I'll tell you," he said. "At the very time that everything was going down like fits in the Kaffir Market one night last week, and everybody looked jolly blue—more blue than jolly—a couple of evening papers came out with flaring posters about 'Smart Rally in Kaffirs' and 'Recovery in Mining Shares,' or words to that effect."

Only The City Editor refrained from the general laugh.

"Where's the joke?" said he. "Can't you understand that evening papers—"

"We quite understand," mocked The Jobber, "and if they're such—"

"The chief hope of salvation for the Kaffir Circus," laid down The Broker, "lies in the obvious fact that the big houses can't afford to let prices fall too far. Else they would completely destroy the market for years to come."

"That would hardly pay them," said The Engineer.

"To precipitate a panic would be an act of financial suicide that I don't believe even Kaffir magnates are capable of," continued The Broker.

"Yes, everybody says so," said The Merchant.

"Unfortunately, the thing that everybody says, too often fails to come off," protested The Engineer.

"That's so, and there is the danger now. And it strikes me that we must plough through the sands of the mid-July account before getting any real steadiness in the market."

"Then about the second week in July—?"

"I do," replied The Banker to the unspoken question. "You hear a great deal about prices going better this time; I only hope they may, but there's a heap of West End Society stock to come out, and that will have to be taken into account."

"Well, I don't believe they've done with the market yet," The Engineer asserted.

A chorus of assent greeted the statement, to which was added the general agreement that it was right "to see the thing through."

"That old Railway Market of yours doesn't seem to buck up much," The Jobber chaffed The Engineer.

"Not a kick left in it, is there?" was the frank response. "Never mind; it will 'make' one of these days."

"Or 'break' some of us," laughed the other. "They tell me it's going to be a good market in the autumn."

"We hope so," replied The Engineer cautiously. "Much depends upon the half-yearly dividends and reports to come next month."

"There's got to be a frantic bust-up in Yankees," commented The Merchant. "'Pon my soul—" and he shivered visibly.

"The Yankee Market," remarked The Broker, "has had everything against it for two years, and for two years it has consistently risen."

"I should be rather frightened of being a bull myself," The Jobber told them, "but I'd be still more scared to be a bear, unless I had even more tons of money than every jobber has, after the Kaffir boom," and he beat his swelling chest with a pompous pride that drew smiles from The City Editor himself.

"You'll lose it all presently," he comfortably assured him, and The Jobber, to the surprise of the others, acquiesced with the utmost amiability.

THE SANITAS COMPANY, AND OTHER THINGS.

So many readers are, by our advice, interested in the Sanitas Company that no excuse is required for referring to its annual

meeting, held on the 16th inst. The report and accounts were of a satisfactory nature, and the usual dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was paid. It is pleasing for the shareholders to know that the Company's sales continue to show a gratifying increase, and that the production of new and improved disinfectants is being prosecuted with vigour. This is one of those well-managed Industrial Companies with more than one specialty, which year after year gives good results to its proprietors by means of judicious (not lavish) advertising, and the sale of special commodities which, in good times and bad alike, are a necessity to every household.

We hear that the Carolina Development Syndicate has disposed of 300 acres of its asbestos property, and that the profit will, in shares and cash, be equivalent to the total of the syndicate's capital. It is said that there is in sight in the property sold about 50,000 tons of asbestos, so that the purchasers should do well.

Saturday, June 19, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NAP.—We should think the Ordinary shares of the John Wright and Eagle Range Company, the Delta Metal Company, and the Metropolitan Amalgamated Railway Carriage and Wagon Company would suit you. The Preference shares of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Electric Supply Company and of the Continental Union Gas are all right. The Kaffir mine may go higher if the boom lasts. The life of the mine is about seven years, but with lower working costs may be extended.

OX.—The Rhodesian mine is a good one, the ore-bodies large, and life practically unlimited; but present price is high, and to a large extent discounts the future.

SUBRIE.—We hope you have got the information from the liquidator.

P. W.—The banks are first-rate if you do not mind the liability. As to the rest, we think No. 1 will never be much good without Tariff Reform. No. 2 is a poor sort of concern; 3, 4, and 6 are second-rate Industrials, No. 5 a fair speculation, and No. 7 one of the least promising Copper Companies. We doubt No. 2 improving in the face of rising rates. See answer to "Nap." *Lady's Pictorial* are a fair risk and quite the cheapest share we know.

JACK.—We do not care for Luipaard's Vlei. The grade of ore is very low. As to the rest, No. 1 is a good Rubber Company; (2) mixed up with Tanganyika Concessions, Ltd., and speculative; price very high and represents a value of £2,000,000; (3) as a speculation, may turn out well; (4) no, would not do for our own money.

SUBSCRIBER.—The Beaufort Borneo Rubber Company, Ltd., has a capital of £100,000, in shares of £1 each. Interest is guaranteed by the British North Borneo Company for six years at 5 per cent. on 75,000 shares. The shares, 15s. paid, are 2s. 6d. premium. The Rubber Trust, Ltd., has a capital of £500,000, of which £300,000 is issued in shares of £1 each, 5s. paid, and the price is 5s. premium. You will probably find shares quoted in the *Financier*, and the Rubber Trust in the *Financial Times*, about once a week.

M.S.—Very little information is to be obtained about the Railway. It is only partially open and has no subsidy from the Government. The Debentures must be considered as very speculative and the interest by no means assured.

STEEL.—The market knows of no reason for any improvement in San Carlos.

LAME DUCK.—We would rather not give an opinion about Gramophones. See answer to "Nap" as to the Kaffir mine. The American is good. As to the paper, it is a bucket-shop rag. Don't trust them with a penny, option or no option.

TEXTILE.—The Rubber Company is, we think, a good one. The capital consists of 40,000 shares, 7s. 6d. paid, and 60,000 fully paid, which you must allow for.

TOMINIL (MEXICAN) MINING COMPANY, LTD.

The steady appreciation of the price of Tominils has of late been quite a feature in the Mining Markets, and the buying appears to be of an excellent character, all shares offered being rapidly absorbed. The new chairman of the Company has visited the property in Mexico and satisfied himself personally of the potentialities of the undertaking. His cabled report has, no doubt, led many of the shareholders to increase their holdings. The output stage is expected to be reached about the end of this year, from which time the profits are expected to be sufficient to place the Company on a dividend-paying basis. Ore already developed shows an average net profit of over £2 per ton. There is sufficient to keep the mill employed for more than two years ahead, while a considerable revenue may be expected from the shipping of high-grade ore direct to the smelters. The No. 2 Level is now driven 950 feet, the last 50 feet being on the main vein through high-grade ore, averaging £8 per ton. The Tominil Mine is on the same mineral belt as the famous Guadalupe de los Reyes Mine (privately owned), which has been worked over one hundred years and has returned profits of over £100,000 per annum for many years.

"MINING MANUAL: 1909."—Owing to the great demand for the 1909 issue the first issue is sold out. A second issue has been reprinted, and is now on sale at all booksellers, or from the proprietor, Walter R. Skinner, 11-12, Clement's Lane, E.C., price 15s. net, post free.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the following will go close at Newbury: Royal Stakes, The Story; Newbury Cup, Lischana; Ogbourne Welter, Wamba II. At Newcastle I like Holiday House for the North Derby and King's Champion for the Northumberland Plate. The Seaton Delaval Stakes may be won by Mistrella. At Folkestone the Three-Year-Old Handicap may be won by Black Sea. I like these for Sandown: New Stand Handicap, Little Flutter; Foal Stakes, Bayardo; British Dominion Plate, Lonawand. At Birmingham Yellow Slave may win the Breeders' Foal Plate and Duke Michael the Great Midland Plate.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

No Land Sacred to a Motorist. Arabia, stony or otherwise, has—oh, shade of the Prophet!—been traversed by a motor-car, and

that no other but a staunchly built 40-h.p. Argyll, the property of that intrepid traveller, Mr. David Forbes. With that gentleman went his English driver, an Assyrian mechanic, a Baghdadi cook, and an Arab guide, whose burnous must have made a most unsuitable motoring garment, unless Mr. Forbes had him equipped by Dunhills before he left. Although a powerful and roomy car, the 40-h.p. was fairly loaded up, for in addition to her live load of five passengers, her freight consisted of a supply of tinned foods, an allowance of bedding for each traveller, fifty gallons of petrol in a special tank, and an ample supply of spares, picks, shovels, and sledge-hammers for her succour lest she foundered.

When this car was tested at Alexandria-by-Glasgow, where the Argylls come from, she achieved twelve miles to the gallon. The story of this unique trip is to be told in book form:

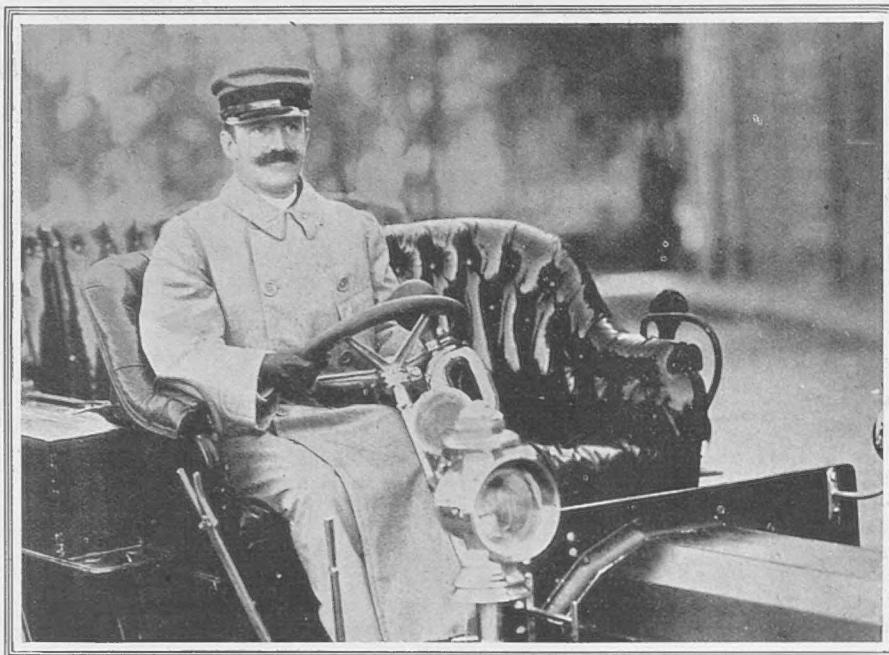
Light on the Benches.

Here and there are signs that something akin to sweet reasonableness is beginning to obtain with those (magistrates) set in authority over us. Certain Benches have so far emancipated themselves from prejudice that they have accepted the evidence of speedometers,

particularly Smith's "Perfect" Speedometer, in preference to the hitherto presumed infallibility of the two-guinea Swiss chronometers mishandled by the police. There is progress here, a veritable ray of hope. In the case of Lord Rosebery's driver the Smith instrument showed ten, while the intelligent officer's watch marked twenty miles per hour. The speed-indicator was taken and the watch left.

The Police Not Always to Prevail. But improvement in the attitude of magistrates towards motorists haled before them upon all sorts of trivial charges is most happily increasingly evident. We have the case of the most worshipful and, by the way, most sensible Mayor of Thornaby, who dismissed a persecutive and trivial case with the remark that the matter should never have been brought before him. Also the matter of Mr. Alfred Drabble, in which that notorious motorphobist, Policeman Waghorn, would have appeared to triumph to the extent of a huge fine and six months' suspension of license,

until the cold legal criticism of Mr. Justice Grantham penetrated the coil and resulted in the upholding of the appeal, with costs of £46 odd against the police. Then comes news of a Bench of Northern magistrates quitting their court and proceeding, even in motor-cars, to the site of a measured distance, and there coming to the conclusion that the police evidence based thereon was worthless, and so dismissed that summons. Truly, the clouds are lifting.



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